THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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"THE BRASS BAND."

Some Useful Irish History in Which John Sadlier, the Suicide Banker, and "So Help Me God" Keogh, the Suicide Judge, are Correctly Pictured.

How Ireland's Cause Was Sold for Place and Pelf by Parliamentary Swindlers and Perjurers in 1852.

The destruction of the popular movement of 1850-1852, completing as it did the overthrow of popular confidence in constitutional politics, led to consequences utterly deplorable. Indissolubly associated in the gloomy memories of that time are the names of John Sadleir and William Keogh.

John Sadleir was born in Tipperary some sixty (60) years ago. Among the few Catholic families of position in that county, the Scullys and the Sadleirs held a good place, the first named especially, and in the last generation the two had been linked by marriage. At an early age young John was apprenticed to a solicitor, and in due time entered upon practice in that branch of the law. He was early distinguished for abilities even beyond those called forth in his profession, and for an ambition that could not fail to lead him eventually to some high position. He decided to make for the great metropolis, where a wide field was open to such talents as he commanded. In London he pursued the special avocation of "parliamentary agent," and, what with his Irish connection and his masterly skill, he rose rapidly. He soon soared higher and entered the circles of finance; his clear vision had discerned a road to results it would have seemed madness just then to mention. His family—the Sadleirs and Scullys and Keatinges—were moneyed men, and were widely known as such throughout his native county. Seeing what he could do with money in the great world of London, and well knowing that the Irish banking systems had not yet been brought to the doors of the people so as to tap the humble hoards of the farming classes, he determined to set up a local bank; and so the "Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank" was established. It became a great success. Wherever a branch was set up it supplanted that venerable institution the "old stocking" as a receptacle for savings or depository of marriage portions. From the Shannon to the Suir, "Sadleir's bank" was regarded with as much confidence as "the old lady of Threadneedle street" commands from her votaries. Yet, from what I could ever learn, it performed only half the functions of a bank. It received all; it lent little. John, in fact, had other use for the money in London besides lending it to Paddy Ryan to buy cattle, or Tom Dwyer to drain his land. He was rising hand over hand, among the highest and boldest of speculative financiers. The time came for a new step in his ambitious scheme. Public life was to play its part in his designs. The imperial parliament was to supply him with an arena for distinction. Not only would he enter it, but, determined to become a power therein, he would surround himself with a family band, as the nucleus of a party of which he should be leader. Amidst the gloom of the famine years he found opportunity for effecting this portion of his scheme. In the general election of 1847 he was returned for the borough of Carlow; his cousin Robert Keatinge for Waterford county; and his cousin Frank Scully for Tipperary. In 1850 he occupied an enviable position. The repute of his wealth, the extent of his influence, above all, the worship of his success, was on every lip. Whatever he took in hand succeeded; whatever he touched turned to gold. He was, every one said, one of your eminently practical politicians; no mere agitator, but a man of sagacity and prudence, whose name alone guaranteed the soundness of a scheme or the wisdom of a suggestion. He was a decided Liberal and an ardent Catholic, and very soon made his mark among the Irish members.

Side by side with him, in the same year, there entered parliament, for the borough of Athlone, a man equally remarkable in his own way—Mr. William Keogh. Although some mysterious affinity seemed to bring the men together, and linked them in a joint career, they were dissimilar as possible in many respects. Mr. Keogh was a barrister-at-law, but, unlike Sadleir, had been no success at his profession—though not for want of splendid abilities. The one man was a model of financial punctuality and business exactness; the other certainly was not. Mr. Sadleir was a man of few words, strict and stern, reserved, and almost sententious; Mr. Keogh was the life and soul of every circle in which he moved, ever brimming over with animal spirits, full of *bonhommie*, sparkling with wit, and abounding with jovial good nature. He was a most persuasive speaker. His voice was rich, powerful, and capable of every inflection. His manner was intensely earnest. His social qualities, his intellectual gifts, made him a universal favorite. Yet, from the very first, despite his emotional patriotism and captivating eloquence, there were people who doubted his political sincerity. His whole position and circumstances, to their minds, too obviously suggested that the prize of public life for him must be some gift from the hand of the government adequate as the price of such a convert.

The outburst of the "Papal Aggression" storm in England was hailed with very different feelings by the Sadleir group and by the Tenant League leaders. The latter had just built up a platform of united action for Protestant and Catholic Irishmen, and here had this fatal issue come to rend them asunder. The former saw with joy that in this new agitation, which bade fair to extinguish the League, they could get the country completely into their own hands. England went wild with "No Popery" fanaticism; Ireland was aflame with alarm and passion. Protestant and Catholic were daily becoming more and more hopelessly antagonized. The Tenant League strove manfully to make head against the current. A proposition to establish a "Catholic Defence Association" was openly opposed by Duffy in the *Nation*. In the flames of religious bigotry, he said, the hopes of Ireland would perish. Knaves and hypocrites, he declared, would rant and rave as tremendous Catholics, and lash the multitude into madness about "Our holy Church," in order that they might effect the destruction of a popular movement which threatened to sweep away speculative politicians. We shall not serve the church the more, he prophesied, but we shall lose the land. He pleaded in vain. Challenged as the Irish Catholics were by the penal legislation of Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles bill, it was not in human nature to lie still and take no measures for defensive warfare. John Sadleir and his party sprang into the front rank of the Catholic defence movement. The Ecclesiastical Titles bill was encountered with the most determined opposition. "The Pope's Brass Band," the English press called the score of Irish Liberals who fought the bill so vehemently; "the Irish Brigade," they were proudly and fondly designated at home. Their conduct was the theme of praise by Irish Catholic firesides. Blessings were invoked on those devoted and heroic men, the brave defenders of the Catholic religion; but, above all, benedictions were showered on the most defiant and dauntless, the most able and eloquent of the band—Mr. William Keogh.

The obnoxious bill was passed. The "Brigade" returned home to receive a nation's gratitude. A worthless array, verily, were they, for the most part. Some few, unquestionably, were men of high principle and sterling honesty; others were mere political hacks, sordid and selfish; while the Sadleir group, skilful, eloquent, influential, now virtually masters of the situation, were playing a bold and ambitious game.

On Tuesday Aug. 23, 1851, an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland was held in the Rotunda, Dublin, to protest against the Titles bill and to take measures for Catholic defense. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, at that time archbishop of Armagh, filled the chair. There was a great array of Catholic bishops and clergy, as well as of Catholic noblemen and members of parliament. Mr. John Sadleir, M. P., was one of the honorary secretaries to the meeting; his cousin Mr. Vincent Scully was one of the speakers, and Mr. W. Keogh, M. P., was another. The latter gentleman delighted the assemblage by his eloquent denunciation of the Penal act, which had just received the royal assent. He, for one, would trample on and defy the law. He drew from his pocket a copy of the new statute, and, holding it forth, said, "if now as one of her majesty's counsel, holding the act of parliament in my hand, unhesitatingly give his proper title to the lord archbishop of Armagh." He then went on to promise that he and his friends would have the hostile act repealed if the people of Ireland would but send them a few more parliamentary colleagues. "We will have no terms," said he, "with any minister, no matter who he may be, until he repeals that act of parliament, and every other which places the Roman Catholic on a lower platform than his Protestant fellow subject."

Despite the marked favor which they had won from the Catholic prelates, clergy and people, and notwithstanding the violence of their protestations, Messrs. Sadleir and Keogh were the objects of suspicion and mistrust on the part of a few keen observers of passing affairs in Ireland. It was noted that Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Cardwell, and many leading Peelites had resisted the "No Popery" scare in England, and had fought against the Titles bill in parliament. Among these statesmen, accurately enough, some persons saw a possible cabinet of the future, and already some idea that the Sadleir group were operating in view of such a contingency was whispered about. A base calumny, a cruel suspicion, an assassin stab, Mr. Keogh proclaimed it to be. The three leading popular journalists of Ireland—Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*, Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman*, and Mr. Lucas, of the *Tablet*—were very plainly imbued with some such conviction, and between them and the Sadleir party a deadly dislike smoldered. The latter, however, were the popular idols of the hour. On Oct. 28, 1851, Mr. Keogh was entertained by his constituents at a public banquet, which partook rather of the character of a national demonstration. No hall in Athlone was large enough to accommodate the gathering, which was held in a huge pavillion, erected, I believe, on the cathedral grounds. The guest of the evening, after an effusive eulogium on Archbishop MacHale, who was present, alluded to the insinuations above referred to. In language the earnestness and solemnity of which touched every heart he repelled them. "Whigs or Tories," said he, "Peelites or Protectionists are all the same to me. I will fight for my religion and my country, scorning and defying calumny. I declare, in the most solemn manner, before this august assembly, I shall not regard any party. I know that the road I take does not lead to preferment. I do not belong to the Whigs; I do not belong to the Tories. Here, in the presence of my constituents and my country—and I hope I am not so base a man as to make an avowal which could be contradicted tomorrow if I was capable of doing that which is insinuated against me—I solemnly declare if there was a Peelite administration in office to-morrow it would be nothing to me. I will not support any party which does not make it the first ingredient of their political existence to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles act." In like solemn manner he pledged his troth that he would oppose, or not support, any party which did not undertake to settle the land question and abolish the Established church. Finally, he turned at the Irish landlords, whom he denounced as "a heartless aristocracy"—"the most heartless, the most thriftless and the most indefensible landocracy on the face of the earth."

Those who were present say that no one who heard the speaker, and looked into his face, as, glowing with indignation, he made these protestations, could have been so unfeeling as to doubt him. Doubted, nay, openly denounced, he and the rest of the Sadleir following nevertheless were in the *Nation* and *Tablet*. Lucas and Duffy having thus early received some private proofs that the brigade meant to be in the market on the first favorable opportunity. Early in 1852 a vacancy occurred in Cork county, and another of Mr. Sadleir's cousins, Mr. V. Scully, appeared as a candidate. The more honest and keen sighted of the Tenant League party in the locality did not take very kindly to him, but Mr. Keogh went down especially to campaign for him, and the full strength of the Sadleir party was put forth. There was a public meeting in Cork city on March 8, 1852, to consider the merits of the Liberal candidates, and Mr. McCarthy Downing—whose public influence, in at all events the West Riding, was admitted to be paramount—seeing Mr. Keogh present, boldly "belled the cat" as follows:

"I will tell the meeting fairly and honestly that I believe the Irish brigade are not sincere advocates of the tenant right question. I state that, and I believe it is in the presence of two of them. I attended two great meetings in the Music hall in Dublin, at the inauguration of the Tenant League, at my own expense, when a deputation waited upon the brigade to attend the meeting, and I protest I never saw a beast drawn to the slaughter house by the butcher to receive the knife with more difficulty than there was in bringing to that meeting the members of the Irish brigade."

Then up rose Mr. Keogh; and never, perhaps, were his marvelous gifts more requisite than at this critical moment. The future fate and fortunes of his leader and party hung on the turn affairs might take at this meeting, an open challenge and public charge having been thus flung down against them. There were a few hostile cries when he stood up; but silence was after a while obtained. With flushed countenance and heaving breast, he burst forth in these words:

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "in this assemblage of Irishmen have you found that those who are most ready to take every pledge have been the most sincere in perseverance to the end, or have you not rather seen that they who, like myself, went into parliament perfectly unpledged, not supported by the popular voice, but in the face of popular acclaim, when the time for trial comes are not found wanting? I declared myself in the presence of the bishops of Ireland, and of my colleagues in parliament, that let the minister of the day be who he may—let him be the earl of Derby, let him be Sir James Graham, or Lord John Russell—it was all the same to us; and, so help me God, no matter who the minister may be, no matter who the party in power may be, I will support neither that minister nor that party, unless he or it comes into power prepared to carry the measures which universal popular Ireland demands. I have abandoned my own profession to join in cementing and forming an Irish parliamentary party. That has been my ambition. It may be a base one, I think it an honorable one. I have seconded the proposition of Mr. Sharman Crawford in the house of commons. I have met the minister upon it to the utmost extent of my limited abilities, at a moment when disunion was not expected. So help me God! upon that and every other question to which I have given my adhesion, I will be—and I know I may say that every one of my friends is as determined as myself—an unflinching, undeviating, unalterable supporter of it."

A. M. SULLIVAN.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Coopers' Ball.

On Saturday evening, the 13th inst, the Coopers International Union No. 1 held their first masquerade ball at Freiberg's hall, Twenty second street. Nearly 200 couples were present and evidently enjoyed themselves. The craft seems to have made a study of other subjects than that of staunching a barrel or tierce.

Impersonating the squaw by Mr. M. Hart was considered true to the manor born; there were many more laughable impersonations by Mr. Steve Ailey and others. The best of order prevailed throughout, which was in a great measure due to the efficiency of the management. Mr. Hart and Mr. J. McGarry bore the weight of this, assisted by Mr. Oneda and Daniel Hanrahan. Cooper Boss Michael Graham lent his presence, and a further evidence was given of his popularity among his men, almost all of whom acquitted themselves creditably. It is safe to predict a prosperous future for Coopers International Union No. 1. J.D.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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BELLS AND BLARNEY.

How "Sweet Cork," the City of "Father Prout," and Shandon Church Look to an American Traveler.

The Perils of Kissing the Famous Block of Stone That Hangs Outside the Old Blarney Castle.

She has been called the Capital of the South, this proud and poverty stricken Cork. Says the historian: "Corroch, or Corcagh, the Irish name of Cork, is, like all Irish names of places, strikingly descriptive. It signifies a swamp, to which the situation of the city, on two marshy islands, fully entitles it." Nay, but has not Spenser, prince of poets, sung of

"The spreading Lee, that like an island fair
Encloseth Cork with his dividing flood!"

And has she not bred great men?—James Barry—one of his first great paintings was the conversion of a king of Cashel, by St. Patrick, and it won him the patronage of Edmund Burke, Daniel Maclise, the witty Magian, racy and rare "Father Prout," Crofton Croker, and, not least of these, Sheridan Knowles.

Cork was long the home of a pagan temple. St. Fionn Bar, the anchorite from Gougane Barra, founded a monastery on the site of it, in the beginning of the 7th century; his seminary was attended by 700 scholars, "who flocked in from all parts." Two centuries later the Danes overran the kingdom. The Corkites frequently went forth and battled bravely. In 1493 the city sheltered the impostor King, Perkin Warbeck, for which act she was deprived of her charter and had her mayor duly drawn and quartered.

In 1609 King James I restored the charter. Cork turned to the Stuarts—but in walked Cromwell with his crazy crew, and sowed desolation in his path. This Cromwell caused the church bells to be melted down and cast into ordnance. There is a theme for poets; it is one of the most poetical passages in the life of this ruffian, and, not inappropriately, with characteristic obstinacy it begins at the wrong end. Turn church bells into ordnance! It is written that "on being remonstrated with against committing such a grievous act, Cromwell replied that as a priest had been the inventor of gunpowder, he thought the best use for bells would be to cast them into cannon." A grim joke, worthy of the grimmest of jokers.

To my eye, the "spreading Lee" is not lovely when it comes within the shadow of Cork; nor is the city over fair. There are are a few handsome buildings in the suburbs, and pretty enough villas scattered all over the slopes of the neighboring hills—the hills that enclose the valley of the Lee. The quays are famous; the arrival and departure of 5,000 ships annually serve to make them so; vessels of 600 tons burthen can float there at low water, albeit Cork is twelve miles from the Atlantic.

It is not a comely church, this St. Ann's of Shandon. It was begun in 1722. Its homely bell tower was constructed of hewn stone pilfered from the Franciscan abbey, where King James II was wont to hear mass. But there were not stones enough available, and so the ruins of Lord Barry's castle supplied the remainder; thus three sides of the steeple are built of limestone, and the fourth of red stone. Truly an unlovely chapel, and as plain within as it is uninviting without.

I wandered through the churchyard which surrounds St. Ann's; looked in at the prim pulpit, and the little organ set half way down the side wall. A few memorial slabs scarcely serve to break the severe plainness of the interior. An old fashioned clock stands in the rear of the gallery—but it was stock still when I laid eyes on it; perhaps it ticks on the seventh day only, "which is the Sabbath," and rests from its labors on the other six.

With a heavy heart I climbed into the steeple and looked in upon the bells, the echoes of whose chimes have resounded to the very ends of the earth. They were very still, those fine old bells—their shoulders covered thick with dust and cobwebs. From the top of the tower I looked down on the fairest view in Cork—the winding Lee, the green and wooded hills that gather lovingly about it, and many a league of fertile land stretching away toward the cloudy horizon.

A dash of rain drove me round the gallery on to the sheltered side of the tower; and then I heard the bells swinging just below me, and the famous chimes rolled out their plaintive and monotonous refrain. Surely I should have been happy at this moment, inasmuch as the longing of a lifetime was at last gratified. And so I was, no doubt; but I'd have been far happier could I have forgotten how all these years I've been dreaming of the Lee as of a broad and placid river fringed with rushes. Shandon was, in my dreams, a village of Acadian loveliness; and in its midst towered the grey old walls of the village church, its ivy-curtained windows reflected in the silver bosom of the stream that flowed noiselessly below it. And in day dreams the chorus of those bells swam down the tranquil air in faint and fading harmonies divinely sweet.

O, Father Prout, Father Prout! To you I am indebted for a dream and awakening, the one joyous and the other sad. It was you who furnished the theme on which the lively imagination of youth hung fondly, while fancy painted its enticing picture. It was you who sang:

"On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

As I stood in the belfry, below me I saw a miserable congregation of dwellings, good and bad. Across the way there was a butter market of extraordinary dimensions. Surely thy music, O Shandon bells, pictures fairer scenes than these; and the memory of thy melody has rung in the ears of many a wanderer beyond seas, when, fortunately, the unsavory odors—the only incense that rises before thee in this latter day—have perished on the gale.

The River Lee wends between verdant backs, among diminutive islands and beside lordly castles, for ten delightful miles below the queen city of the south, and then it flows into the broad and handsome Cove of Cork, with Queenstown seated at the junction. Every traveler is loud in his praises of the river and the Cove, and surely there is nothing in the Green Isle much finer.

Blackrock Castle, with its turrets and towers, whence William Penn, converted to Quakerism, set sail for America, villas bearing romantic names—Tivoli, Sans souci, and the like—delight the eye as the little steamer paddles down the quiet stream. On every hand the scenery is enchanting; groves overshadow the shore; fleets of tiny craft sail to and fro, or drift idly in the gentle zephyr that blows too softly to be of much practical service to navigation; the scattering villages, the rich meadow lands, the grey, rain filled sky—all impart a pastoral charm that fully compensates for the disappointments one is pretty sure to encounter on a close inspection of Cork.

At Passage a watering-place on the Cove, many a poet has turned his couplets. But it remained for Father Prout to set all the elements to music—

"Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charmin',
With sailors' garments
Hung out to dry,
And each abode is
Snug and commodious
With pigs melodious
In their straw built sty."

All this the tourist who, at New York, books for Liverpool direct is sure to miss. The ocean steamers lie off the Irish shore, and are visited by small tenders, the sight of which is enough to make a man lose confidence in the greatest navigation company in the world. The cabinless cockleshells that run out from Queenstown laden with qualmish passengers are the first and last drop of bitterness in the cup of joy which so many thousands go abroad in search of.

It is a pleasant and a profitable excursion, by train, to Youghal, on the Blackwater, where a steamer is in readiness to take you up the largest river in Ireland.

Sir Walter Raleigh was chief magistrate of Youghal in 1588 89. Under the yew trees at "Myrtle Grove"—his former residence—it was his wont to sit with pipe in mouth, for he loved the "nicotian weed"; and there he conned the pages of the new poem, "The Faerie Queen." The fine old Elizabethan house, with its many gables, was a worthy shelter for the "noble and valorous knight," who here introduced the cultivation of the homely and wholesome American plant, with the esculent tubers, popularly known as the Irish potato. It was his custom, between the crops, to pay frequent visits to the poet Spenser, up at Kilcolman, where they had royal times—if I interpret rightly that dainty pastoral, "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Ah, those were rare days when the boys sat down together to pipe their tobacconals!

The wind was blowing furiously; there was a roar as of stormy seas in the groves of Blarney, and a frown on the face of the usually placid little lake. All that is left of the castle, a mere shell, stands some what apart from the village and the lake, though it is near the mansion now occupied by the possessor of the estate.

I was admitted to the castle by a woman, who bade me climb the winding stair till I came to the top; nor did she omit to caution me against falling off on the way up. I climbed and climbed and climbed; three or four times on my way to the turrets I might have plunged headlong from the brink of doorless passages that open into the interior. Why? Because from turret to foundation stone there is not a solitary floor left in the building. The castle is like an enormous square chimney, pierced with a multitude of small windows. By the side of the spiral stairs that screw their way up one corner of the castle, there are chambers hardly large enough to serve as sleeping rooms, though perhaps once used for that purpose; their walls are of amazing thickness.

The top of the castle wall is quite broad enough for a footpath. The outer ruin, or parapet, is larger than the castle itself, and is held in its place by brackets or protruding stones. Anywhere upon the dizzy path one can look down the outer side of the wall, between it and the outer parapet—could indeed easily drop through the open spaces between the brackets—and the thought of this, quite possible, abrupt exit from the stage of life, on a windy day, when the ruin seems to fairly reel under one, is by no means exhilarating.

The Blarney Stone is clasped to the wall by strong iron bands. It is below the top of the wall, a very long distance from the ground; and in order to kiss it one must let himself down head first, and hang by his toes, as it were. It is advisable to have the aid of a muscular assistant in performing this perilous feat; he can draw you up from below when you have accomplished your purpose.

I was alone on the walls of Blarney castle. The wind whistled about my ears; all the grass and fern tufts that have sprouted among the decaying mortar hissed spitefully. I cautiously crept to the edge of the wall; and, while the earth seemed to swim under me, and the walls of the old castle to sway to and fro, I reached down, down, and yet farther down, clinging like a cat to the crumbling edge of the wall, and—well, never mind! I have lived to tell the tale thus far. There is a twin stone on the ground floor, which is more conveniently saluted; and this one is a frequent substitute for the original.

For more than four centuries this castle has been the sole feature of importance in a pretty though rather lonely landscape. The square tower, with its machicolated battlement—all that is left of the castle—has been visited by pilgrims from every clime; but I fear many of them have asked themselves at a later day, "Was it worth while?" The woman who holds the keys of the castle, and who talks as glibly as if she had been raised on blarney stones, thinks it is worth while. The man on the lawn who sells souvenirs in bog oak agrees with her.

But let us fly to Father Prout, and cleave to him if we would see Ireland as she was, and is, and ever shall be—a joy forever! He sings of Blarney Castle:

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Ah! he never misses
To grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

"A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer
To be let alone;
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From Blarney Stone."

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

Another notable addition has been made to the already large list of charitable institutions which have long made Chicago famous for the care she takes of those who are unable to take care of themselves. The Franciscan Sisters' House of Providence at North Market and Elm streets, is in every way a monumental embodiment of the virtue of charity that pervades the Catholic people. The new building was finished some time ago, and this morning was formally dedicated to its high purpose, according to the solemn and impressive ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. The ceremony of dedication was performed by the Rev. Father Celestine, prior of St. Joseph's, who was deputed for this event by Archbishop Feehan, owing to his inability to perform the ceremony himself on account of sickness. Father Celestine, preceded by cross-bearer and acolytes, moved in procession through the house, sprinkling the walls with holy water, the assistants meanwhile chanting the psalms of dedication. After this sacred duty was performed all repaired to the chapel to take part in the mass. Rev. Father Celestine sung the mass, with Fathers Moehring, of Johnsburg, and Jaeger, prior of the Bohemian Order of Benedictines, as deacon and sub deacon, respectively. Sermons were preached in English and German by Rev. Fathers Agnew of St. Sylvester's, and Maximilian Neumann, O. S. F. of St. Peter's, and both reviewed at length the great virtue of charity which was so splendidly emphasized in this new House of Providence. A quartet choir rendered Hadyn's first mass. After the service the clergy and invited guests repaired to the refectory where they partook of a splendid repast provided by the Franciscan Sisters.

Among those who were in attendance at the ceremonies were Rev. Fathers Celestine, O.S.B., Prior, of St. Joseph's; Maximilian Neumann, O.S.F., Superior of St. Peter's; Moehrig, of Johnsburg; Wiseman, S.J., of St. Ignatius College; Kalvelage, of St. Francis Assisium; Nepomuck Jaeger, O. S. B., Prior of the Bohemian Order of Benedictines; Wm. Hein, O.S.B., Theobald, O.S.B., Casimir Elsesser, O.S.B., and Very Rev. Vicar General Muehlsperger, of St. Louis; and Messrs. W. J. Onahan, A. C. Hesing, A. Koenig, City Treasurer Kiolbassa, and Louis Spandhorst, of St. Louis.—*Journal, Feb.* 17.

Taken for a Crank.

A semi-Scottish delight often seems to possess people of strong nerves in sneering at those with weak ones. The irritability of the nervous hypochondriac is ridiculed as natural ill temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, none has a more easily explainable origin when it is chronic. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and anxiety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and nervous symptoms, sick headaches and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by la grippe among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

A Grateful Woman.

I am so thankful that Mrs. Wymen told her experience in your columns last month. My husband has been sick and we have several small children and I had to do something. Mrs. Wymen's success with the plater led me to believe that I could make a little money too. I obtained a plater for $5 and have been plating for the last three weeks, as I could find the time to leave the house, and have made $36 50. I would not have believed that it was so easy to make money with the plating machine. Everybody has a little work they want done, and I sold two plating machines and made $5 apiece on them to friends who wanted them for their children. Any one can plate and anybody can succeed, as I have done. There is no experience needed. My husband says when he gets well he is going into the plating business. Anyone can obtain circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, where I got my machine.

MRS. TOBEY.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fonteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER II.

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs they taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar,
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Where hid the pious and the true;
While traitor knave
And recreant slave
Had riches, rank, and retinue;
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze."

The appearance of the intruder produced the greatest consternation in the hedge school. A general cry of alarm rose at once from the pupils.

"Canwore! Canwore the priest catcher! Run, master—run for your life!" cried a startled chorus of young voices, whose owners sprang with common impulse to their feet.

The affrighted pedagogue cast around him a wild, instinctive glance for some means of escape, and made a sudden dash towards the opening in the hedge, but ere he could reach it the grasp of the new comer was on his collar.

"Not so fast, old man! The game is up, so best surrender quietly. Ha, my brave schoolmaster, I've been on your track for some time, and curse me but I'm glad to meet you at last! Ay, look at me well, my trapped fox, and you might recognize an old acquaintance. Surely you've had fair cause to remember Wat Ormsby!"

And the captor grinned ferociously in the pallid countenance of the captive.

The appearance of the instrument of the law was rather unprepossessing. Wat Ormsby, or, as the peasantry called him, Canwore (*ceann mhor*—big head), was a man of low stature but powerful frame. His countenance was bloated and repulsive; his head, from which he derived his soubriquet, large, ugly, and misshapen. He wore a coarse scratch wig surmounted by the three cornered hat of the period, a greasy looking brown coat girded with a broad leather belt, and many creased jack-boots that heightened the ungainly looks of his bow legs.

In all Tyrawley—nay, in all Mayo—there was no man more dreaded and abhorred than Canwore.

The descendant of Black Jack Ormsby, or Shawn Dubh na g-Clochainn, the Cromwellian settler to whom Cloghan's Castle (on the shores of Lough Conn) and the estates thereto pertaining were granted when the older possessors, the Burkes, were deprived and driven out, Wat Ormsby had no sympathy either in race, creed, or nativity with the unhappy people among whom he lived a persecutor and a spy. Bigotry and tyranny had never a more terrible instrument. He had a dogged and daredevil courage and resolution that made him brave dangers innumerable in pursuit of his brutal calling.

His nature, fierce and merciless, made him the very embodiment of the atrocious penal laws.

There was a cool light in the blood-hound's eye as he shook the old teacher's feeble frame—shook it as a terrier shakes a rat. Poor Malachi's joints ached with agony, but nevertheless there was a certain dignity and fortitude in his mien as he addressed his ruthless captor:

"Pray do not shake the life out of me; allow me to go quietly with you."

"You had better," markedly rejoined Wat. "Fast find, fast bind, is my motto; so here's to make sure of you."

Whipping a stout piece of cord from his pocket he proceeded with professional dexterity to bind the master's hands behind his back.

The school was now a scene of dire confusion. The excited pupils gathered around their unhappy preceptor, and many were their exclamations of pity and indignation. Sooth to say, there were a few juvenile scapegraces, the black sheep of the school, who tittered audibly at the turn of events; but the prevailing voice of the academy was one of sympathy and regret.

Several daring youths began to hustle the law official, but the latter drew a large brass mounted pistol from his breast, and with it menaced the youthful throng.

"Keep off, you spawn of vipers, or some of you may get a dose of cold lead in your stomach."

Placing the weapon in his belt, he proceeded with his work of binding Malachi's feeble hands.

"May the height of bad luck follow you every morning, noon, and night, till the black *diasul* puts his claws in you!" cried Murty McAndrew, exploding with wrath. "Take my seven curses on the top of you, and this to boot!"

And tearing a large scraw from the ditch he hurled it at Ormsby, striking him violently on the side of the head, filling his ear and covering his jaw and neck with clay. This was the signal for a general shower of scraws, books, slates, and other improved weapons, which fell on the priest hunter's person amid a deafening uproar of yells and execrations.

Wat Ormsby turned on his assailants a face livid and distorted with rage, and gazed from one to another as if singling out some special object of vengeance.

At length his inflamed eyes rested on Fergus O'Ronan.

"Curse you, you beggar's brat, how dare you!" he savagely growled, and struck the young man across the face with the back of his huge hand—struck him so violently that the purple marks of his hard fingers were visible on the cheek that received them.

O'Ronan recoiled a step, his face glowing with shame and anger. Then springing suddenly forward he planted a blow with all his might between the evil eyes of Wat. The latter staggered backwards from the blow, stumbled over the master's *fodeen*, and fell prone on his back. There was a scream of delight from the boys. As Ormsby fell, his horse pistol slipped from his belt. Moved by a strong sense of coming danger O'Ronan promptly stepped forward and possessed himself of the weapon.

The instrument of law and order arose with a bitter anathema to his feet just in time to see the long skirts of the schoolmaster's coat disappearing through the gap in the hedge. For, profiting by the discomfiture of his enemy, Magister O'Higgins had disengaged his old hands from the relaxed cord and made a bold, rapid dash for liberty.

With a howl of rage and alarm Ormsby rushed to recapture the fugitive; but there in the gap, rigid and determined, stood Fergus O'Ronan confronting him with levelled pistol.

"Stand back!" commanded the youth—"back, Ormsby! Another step and I'll drive a bullet through your head!"

The baffled miscreant recoiled from the dangerous looking muzzle of the weapon and gave vent to a furious oath.

"Down with it, cub!" he roared, "down with it or by —— you shall swing! Beware—you know not what you are doing."

"Perfectly," was the deliberate reply; "I am robbing a bloodhound of his prey."

"Imp of Belzebub! you are committing a felony—you are aiding the escape of an outlaw—you have assaulted an officer of the law in the discharge of his duty!"

"And I will shoot an officer of the law if he dare come a step nearer to me. Keep off, Wat Ormsby, and no more hard names, if you please. My finger feels very itchy on the trigger, and there's no knowing how an accident might happen."

Relinquishing any further attempt to force a passage through the gap, Wat made several furious attempts to make his way out through the hedge. But the tough and closely set whitethorns resisted all his efforts to force an exit between them. The thorny branches scratched his face and hands, and the laughter and jeers of the boys drove him nigh frantic with rage and mortification.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Murty McAndrew; "the bull is mighty strong, but faith the hedge is stronger. Hurry, Canwore, your soul to glory! *M'anam an diasul* but the master's long shanks have covered a good mile by this time—and more power to them!"

"Hurry, Canwore, *ma bouchal*, if you want to earn that ten pounds," remarked a facetious juvenile; and the banter was continued without stint.

The priest hunter glared like a wild animal on his tormentors, and would have injured some of them were he not held in check by the weapon in the hand of O'Ronan.

The latter now directed his schoolmates to file through the gap into the open, and then addressed them, keeping meanwhile a shrewd eye on Wat.

"Boys, school is dismissed for today on account of the master's having pressing business elsewhere. Very likely there will not be school here tomorrow—perhaps not even on the day after; in fact, I fancy the academy stands adjourned *sine die*. The best thing you can do is to go home as quickly as you can, for our visitor is getting very uneasy."

The pupils gave a final whoop and dispersed rapidly in various directions.

"Now, Wat Ormsby," said Fergus, addressing the priest hunter after a pretty long pause, "you may go your way. Beware how you attempt to follow me. As for this pistol, I shall return it to you as soon as I may find it convenient."

"I know you, Fergus O'Ronan," hissed the enraged Wat; "I know you, and bitterly you'll repent this day's work. By —— I'll serve you worse than I served your father before you!"

"Faugh, bodagh, I defy you"; and the intrepid youth uttered a defiant laugh as he strode away.

Wat shook his fist after him in impotent rage. Left to himself, he cast a savage look around the deserted academy. He bestowed several vicious kicks on vacated *fodeens*; seized a large stone and smashed in pieces the board inscribed with the "asses' bridge"; caught up a calf-bound tome of Euclid which had been left behind in the confusion, tore at it viciously, and sent its leaves fluttering on the wind. This done he started off hastily in the direction of Deel Castle.

Fergus O'Ronan proceeded on his way home.

He felt elate at his recent victory over the priest hunter, but yet he could not repress a feeling of uneasiness. This uneasiness, due to the parting threat of Ormsby, and to his knowledge of the man's relentless character, was not felt on his own account. His young spirit was hot, fearless, and impulsive enough to brave the worst malice of the enemy he had just made, but he winced to think how any evil that might befall himself should bring bitter sorrow and distress to the heart of his only surviving parent—his aged mother.

A strong sense of impending evil oppressed him as he drew near to his home, and its weight increased tenfold as he heard his mother's voice crooning a quaint old ditty, and saw her cap gleaming whitely through the bushes that hedged the cottage garden.

"Come! I am a fool—a coward. There is no danger—no danger!" he mentally exclaimed, in a vain attempt to rid himself of the cloud of gloomy foreboding as he opened the rustic wicket and entered.

The O'Ronan homestead stood near the side of the old highway—now almost eliminated—leading from Foxford to Crossmolina. The district around was one of the most delightful and romantic in Connacht—that known to the old Irish bards as Magh Broin, or the plain of Broin—one of the magical Tuatha de Dananns, who had here established his grand fairy court. In this fair tract of country the sept of O'Ronan had dwelt for more than a thousand years, possessing part of it as their patrimony long ere the invading foot of Welshman or Anglo Norman or Elizabethan or Cromwellian pressed the soil of Tirawley. "The honorable and powerful tribe, the O'Ronans of Magh Broin of scarlet hazels, a praiseworthy host not few in number"—as the ancient annalist describes them—were descended and surnamed from the chieftain Ronan, son of Awley, grandson of the famous King Dathi—he who perished by lightning while carrying the prowess of Irish arms through the passes of the Alps.

Fergus owned a good deal of the national pride of clanship. He was proud of his sonorous Milesian surname, fond of musing on the bygone time when the humble farm they now rented from the lord of the manor of Deel Castle was but a small portion of the broad lands of the sept, and fonder still of thinking that those same broad lands might one day revert to him and his. Bitter and galling to him was the reflection that the posterity of the proud, valiant, generous Milesian chieftains was now but a race of abject serfs, spurned to the dust by a tyrant ascendancy, and drudging slavishly to sustain their miserable lives.

"Back so soon, alanna," exclaimed his mother, looking up in surprise as he entered the garden. "Has there been no school today?"

The widow was sitting beneath the shade of a large apple tree. Her spinning wheel stood before her, but its hum ceased with her song as her son entered. She had a mild, worn face, as of one who had known no scanty measure of care and sorrow, and the locks that strayed from beneath her cap were silvery white.

Near her knelt an old man engaged in doing some repairs to a gate which lay beneath him on the ground. This was a relative of the family, Donald Murray, a veteran of the Irish Brigade—the same about whose stories the pedagogue had been quizzing Fergus.

"Has there been no school today, Fergus?" repeated Mrs. O'Ronan.

Her son hesitated to reply; he was no ready framer of excuses.

"Yes, mother, but ——"

"But you thought best to come home and help the old man to mend the gate that the cows broke last night, eh, avic?" queried Donald, and Fergus at once grasped at the opportunity of eluding his mother's questioning.

"I've come home to give you a hand with it," he said, pulling off his coat. "Give me the hammer, Donal. This old gate was in great need of a friendly hand. Why, you've already made a grand job of it, more power to your arm!"

"My arm, is it?" responded the old soldier, as he arose and wiped the sweat from his wrinkled brow; "troth 'tis a tough arm yet, Fergus asthore, though, *farsor gair*, not so strong as when I pulled the Austrian cuirassier from his saddle at Cremona."

"Ha, that was a piece of strength, Donal! Just sit down there like a good man and tell us all about it while I give this a few finishing touches."

He knew that were the veteran once fairly started on the beloved theme of his martial adventures his mother would be virtually talked out of hearing.

But the device proved futile.

"Wait a minute, Donal. Fergus, avourneen, I fear there's something wrong. There is—I see it in your face. What is it, aroon? Why have you come back to us so early?"

He was not one to practice deception or concealment.

"Well, mother, there has been a kind of *Rookawn* at Rathduff, and all on account of a certain big headed bodagh."

"Who is that?"

"Canwore, the priest catcher."

"Canwore!"

The widow raised her hands with an expression of intense aversion and alarm.

"By the piper, that reminds me of something I heard today," exclaimed the hoary campaigner. "A neighbor told me that Canwore was fired at last night by Milerna Glanna near the bridge of Deel."

"I doubt it, Donal; for the Rapparee's ball is sure and deadly, and never was it known to miss its mark. Anyhow, here's one that saw the rascal only an hour ago."

"Then is poor Malachi Higgins taken?" inquired Mrs. O'Ronan.

"Not a bit of him, mother. One of the gossoons kept Canwore quiet till the master's long legs had carried him well out of danger."

"One of the gossoons," she repeated, and then, as her earnest gaze rested on his countenance, she started violently and exclaimed, "Oh, Fergus, Fergus, it was you! it was you!"

"Nay, there is no cause for alarm," said the young man with a forced assumption of unconcern. "Was I not right to save poor old Malachi from the villain?"

"You were, Fergus—you were; but for heaven's sake beware of Wat Ormsby! Avoid his path—treat him as the deadliest serpent."

"What did he mean, mother, by threatening to serve me as he served my father?"

"Ah! he threatened so, did he? Then, alanna, may the holy saints guard you, for Wat Ormsby means revenge when he speaks it. Black and bitter is the enemy you have made yourself this day. How did he serve your father, boy? Listen, then, avourneen, and you shall hear. Your father died when you were only a little child, but up to this I have never cared to tell you how he came by his death, for, wirrasthrue, 'tis a sad and mournful memory for me—vo, vo, a poor and cruel memory!"

The aged dame clasped her hands and swayed to and fro on her seat as the thoughts of past events crowded on her mind.

"'Tis sixteen years, come next Lady Day, since the bitter misfortune crossed our threshold. Your father was gone to market with some grain, and there was no one in the house but myself and old Sheelah the servant, when who should walk in to us but Wat Ormsby? I blessed myself when I saw him, and thought of all the injury he did to our poor clergy, and thanked God that there was none of them staying with us at the time—for we often had a 'soggarth' hiding in the house—to be in danger of his foul hands. 'Don't be afeard, ma'am,' said he, 'I ann't come after the Pope's pedlars, but to have a look at the white mare that I heard such fine talk about. I know she's in the stable, for I've met Connor on the road, and 'tis a neighbor's horse he has with him to town.' So I brought him round to the stable—for, Lord help us, we must be civil to the likes of him, or sorely well we'll repent it—and my heart was beating very hard as I showed him the mare in the stall. Poor *lava bawn!* there wasn't a better animal for her work in the stables of Deel Castle. Connor O'Ronan had reared her from a foal and loved her as the apple of his eye. I'll see her gait, ma'am, if you please,' says Canwore, and before I could try to prevent him he bridled the mare, led her into the yard, and jumped on her back. 'Now, ma'am,' said he, 'I'm a fair judge of horseflesh, and I'm pretty sure this one is worth more than five pounds; and as it's against the law for a papist to have an animal of more than that value in his possession, I'm afeard your husband will get into trouble unless somebody takes her off his hands. Now I think this mare will just suit me.' With that I burst out crying. 'Surely you're not going to rob us, Mr. Ormsby?' said I, and I begged him hard not to take away the mare. But 'twas all to no use. 'There, ma'am,' says he, pulling out his purse and throwing five pounds on the ground, 'is the highest price your mare is worth according to law, and you should think me high minded in not asking you for a luck's penny.' 'You are a low thief and a coward!' said I, but he called me the foulest name that could be called to a woman and rode away with the mare."

"Vile creature of the infamous law!" ejaculated Fergus.

"Rode away with the mare! By King Billy's wig, that was horse stealing!" commented Donal; "I've seen a dozen Migueletes hanged together for the like at Barcelona."

"Connor was a determined and quick tempered man," continued the widow, "and when he came home he was so wild at the loss of the mare that he set off hot foot to Cloghans after Wat Ormsby. He took Wat by surprise outside his own door, at the foot of the old castle, beat him until every bone in his body was sore, and brought home the mare, and then our bad luck began in earnest! Next day there came a guard of soldiers to the house, and poor Connor was handcuffed and taken away to Castlebar jail, and soon after the mare was seized and given over to Canwore. But little trouble did the white mare give me now. Here I was, lonely and *bronach*, for many and many a long hard month, while my poor man was pining away in prison, until at last, one bitter day, I heard how he was shot in the chest as he was trying to escape from the window of his cell. Oh, wirra, wirra, the poor day I traveled as well as I could to Castlebar and found him worn to a skeleton and bound with bloody bandages, lying there on a poor pallet of straw without one to wet his lips! It was soon after that that Edmond Bourke of Rappe—Lord bless him a thousand times over for the act!—interced with Sir Arthur Gore and got poor Connor out of jail; but little use was it, alanna, for the poor man died in my arms a month after his release, and we buried him with his people beside the old church of Ardagh!"

"Now, you know the meaning of Wat Ormsby's threat, and the reason you have for avoiding him. Oh, beware of him for the future, avourneen—beware of the evil spawn of Shawn Dubh!"

"Then my father's blood lies at his door?" exclaimed Fergus.

"As surely as the blessed sun shines," added the veteran sententiously.

"Avourneen, do not think of revenge on any fellow creature, no matter how badly he may have injured you or yours," enjoined the widow gravely; "it is against the teaching of God and of the holy soggarths that suffer so much on our account. Leave Wat Ormsby to the justice of Heaven."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

An Gleann 'na ar togadh me,
Leis an "g-Craoibhin Aoibhinn."

O áit go h-áit budh bhreágh mo shiúbhal,
A's b'árd mo léim air bhárr an t-sléibh',
I luing 's i m-bád budh mhór mo dhúil,
'S budh bhéo mo chroidhe i láir mo chléibh.
Mar sheis an gheirfhidh bhí mo chos,
Mar iarann gach alt a's féith,
Bhí 'n sonas rómham, ar áil 's abhus,
Ann san ngleann 'na ar tógadh mé.

Budh choma liom-sa fear air bith,
Budh choma liom an domhan iomlán,
Mar rith an fhiadh bhí mo rith,
Mar sruth an t-sléibhe dul le fán.
A's ní raibh rud air bith 'san domhan
Nach n-déárnas, dá m-budh mhaith liom é;
Do léim mo bhád air bhárr na n-abhann,
Ann san ngleann 'na ar tógadh mé.

Na dathaan a bhí air mo shúil,
Och! bhí siad mar dhath an óir,
Ní dhearcainn riamh air mo chúl,
Acht dul ar aghaidh le meisneach mór.
Do leanainn-se gan stad gan agith
Mo rún dá g-cuirfinn romham-sa é,
Do bhéarfainn, dar liom, air an ngaoith
Ann san ngleann 'na ar tógadh mé.

Ní h-amhlaidh tá sé liom anois,
Do bhí mé luath, a's tá mé mall,
Ní'l fhios agam cad é do bhris
Sean-neart an chroidhe a's luth na m-ball.
Do chaill mé mórán, 's fuair me fios
Air mhórán, och! ní saoidh é,
Mo leun! mo leun! gan mé arís
Og 'san ngleann 'na ar tógadh mé.

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The unmarked graves, butchered bodies and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

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"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News.*]
"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]
"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.
[*New York Critic.*]
With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.
[*New York Nation, July 21.*]
If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]
"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]
"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.
London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.
The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.
[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]
"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald.*]
"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.
[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]
Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.
[*Bismarck Tribune.*]
Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City.

SUNDAY WICKEDNESS.

Two Men Hanged by a Mob at Pine Bluff, Ark.

THE ACT WITNESSED BY THOUSANDS,

Many of Them Being Ladies Returning from Church—The Bodies of the Two Wretches Riddled with Bullets After Being Strung Up—Negro Lynched in Alabama—William Coulter, the Michigan Patricide, Sentenced to Prison.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Feb. 15.—John Kelly, the negro who murdered J. T. McAdams on the street in this city last Tuesday night, was captured Sunday at Rison. Marshal Harrison was instructed to bring the prisoner to this city on the first train. The news of the capture soon spread through the town, and when it became known that Kelly would reach here on a freight train about half-past 9 o'clock a crowd gathered and it soon became apparent that justice would speedily be administered The train reached here about 9.35 p. m. and was met by a mob of between 300 and 500 people. The officers in charge of the prisoner made a show of resistance and demanded that they be allowed to lodge their man in the city jail.

Hanged Forty Feet in the Air.

Their efforts, however, were unavailing, and the excited crowd, which had now increased to one thousand or more persons, soon had the murderer in its possession. The mob marched up Main street to the courthouse steps. The prisoner was called upon to speak and say if he were guilty. He claimed he was innocent. A rope was speedily placed over the cross-pin of a telegraph pole immediately in front of the courthouse and the body of John Kelly was soon hanging forty feet in the air and his body riddled with bullets. The execution took place in the full glare of several electric lights and was witnessed by about two thousand people, many of them being ladies hemmed in by the crowd on their way from church. The prisoner in his remarks before he was executed claimed that he had information that would lead to the arrest of the perpetrators of several other murders which had been committed recently in this section of the state.

His Accomplice Also Lynched.

The crowd, thinking this only a ruse to protect himself, would not let him off. As the body of the lifeless Kelly swung from side to side the air resounded with cries of "Lynch Culbert Harris, his accomplice." A rush was made for the jail in the rear of the courthouse, and men with axes commenced breaking in the windows. They soon effected an entrance, and Harris was quickly pointed out by the other prisoners. He urged to be heard a few moments and the crowd listened, but his words were not satisfactory. "Hang him! Hang him!" was the cry, and he was quickly taken to the front of the courthouse, and another rope was secured. As Harris was jerked into the air there were reports of a hundred shots, and the body was a corpse. Both men were hanged from the same telegraph pole.

Coulter Gets Ten Years.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Feb. 15.—William Coulter, the murderer of his aged father, and the man from whom Miss Eva Cusick, the revivalist, secured a confession, was arraigned before the circuit court Saturday afternoon charged with perjury. He entered the courtroom praying to God to give him more light, and expressing himself willing to submit to any sentence the court would give him to pay the penalty of his crime. The sheriff was obliged to remove him from the courtroom to quiet him, he was so excited and praying so loudly. On being returned to the courtroom Judge Steere asked him if he was guilty or not guilty. Coulter answered "Guilty." He was then sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Cooley Gang at Work Again.

KINGWOOD, W. Va., Feb. 15.—The notorious Cooley gang, which has been the terror of the Pennsylvania border for years, has resumed operations in this county. On Friday night five masked men entered the house of a farmer, James Yohe, living in a lonely place ten miles from here. They bound Yohe and burned his feet with hot irons until he gave up his money, amounting to nearly $800. Rewards of $1,000 each have been offered for the capture of the Cooleys, dead or alive.

Negro Lynching in Alabama.

BIRMINGHAM, Feb. 15.—Riley Webb, colored, who assaulted Mrs. Crump, a white woman in Montgomery, on Feb. 8 and who was captured on Saturday, was removed to Selma for safekeeping. At 1 o'clock Sunday morning he was taken from the jail at that place and hanged to a tree and his body filled with bullets.

Turned the Gatling Gun Upon Them.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 15.—A number of drunken men, supposed to be miners, fired upon the pickets of the state troops at the Coal Creek convict camp about 10 o'clock Thursday night. The gatling gun was turned on them and two of them were wounded. Commander Anderson has telegraphed to General Carnes at Memphis for more ammunition and arms. Crowds of men are among the hills in and around Coal Creek and the operator there predicts another attack soon.

He Seceded Dramatically.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 12.—Ex-Governor A. G. McGrath had an attack of apoplexy and his recovery is doubtful. At the breaking out of the war of secession he was United States district judge, and upon the passage of the ordinance of secession made a dramatic scene in court by disrobing himself of his judicial ermine. He was the last war governor of South Carolina and after the surrender he was imprisoned by the federal government in Fort Pulaski for some time.

Sarah Althea Terry Insane.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 15.—Sarah Althea Terry, widow of the late Judge Terry and heroine of the famous Sharon divorce case, has disappeared. She went violently insane Saturday and Sunday morning secretly left her boarding house fully dressed. The police have been unable to find her. All sorts of sensational theories as to her actions are current.

Canadian Conference Ended.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The conference between several Canadian cabinet ministers and the United States authorities terminated with the interview with Secretary of State Blaine Monday. The Canadian delegates have left the United States for Ottawa.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

The Occasion Fittingly Observed at Chicago and Elsewhere.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Friday was Lincoln day in Chicago. There were three notable observances of the anniversary of Lincoln's birth—the Marquette club banquet, the great meeting at the Auditorium, and the large meeting at Central Music hall. At the banquet the feature of the evening was Senator Cullom's address on Lincoln; at the Auditorium Colonel Ingersoll made one of the most eloquent orations of his life, treating Abraham Lincoln as "the genius of goodness," and at Central Music hall Mayor Washburne and Rabbi Hirsch paid warm tributes to the memory of Lincoln. The latter celebration was the fifth annual of Lincoln council of the National Union.

The Day Elsewhere.

The day was also observed at New York, where Senators Hiscock and Platt and others spoke at Brooklyn, while John F. Wise of Virginia and J. C. Burrows made the principal orations; at Philadelphia, where the speaking was done by Secretary Noble, Attorney General Miller, and Representatives Hopkins of Illinois and Henderson of Iowa, at Columbus, O., where Governor McKinley made the principal oration; at Boston, where General B. F. Butler was the feature of the banquet, and at many other places.

UNANIMOUS FOR CLEVELAND.

Five Northwestern States Will Throw Their Democratic Votes for Him.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 15.—Information leaks out that the Democrats of five Northwestern states have during the past ten days engineered a combination to throw their votes solidly for Cleveland. An attempt was made to get Montana and Washington into the scheme, but they concluded not to take a hand owing to the free silver sentiment in the far west. The states in the combination are Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and the Dakotas.

Early Conventions.

They will, so the Democratic committees state, be unanimous for Cleveland from the start, with the exception of Iowa, which asks the privilege of casting a complimentary vote for Boies on the first ballot. It is agreed that all the states shall hold early conventions. The Minnesota committee will meet Tuesday and name the date of its convention for March 22, and the others will follow in quick succession, all being held before April 15.

Mr. Wanamaker's Luck.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—A World Washington special says: Postmaster General Wanamaker has profited very largely by the rise in Reading stock since Wednesday. The postmaster general's share in the increased value of the stock is understood to foot up over $1,000,000. A prominent gentleman from Philadelphia is quoted as follows: "The head of the postoffice department is a very lucky man. The net profit on his interest this week is more than $1,000,000. It is a big sum, but he deserves it, for he held on under very discouraging circumstances."

An Appeal to Old Soldiers.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 15.—The committee of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, which has in charge the collection of a fund for the erection in Washington of a statue to the memory of General William Tecumseh Sherman, has issued an appeal to old soldiers. The appeal is promulgated in the Grand Army of the Republic by Commander-in-chief Palmer, as general order No. 7. It solicits the aid of all old soldiers, and asks that the collections be given to the quartermasters of the various posts, who will forward them to the quartermaster general.

Heavy Tax on Cigarettes.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The ways and means committee of the house will be petitioned to prepare a bill invoking the paternal condemnation by the government of the cigarette habit. Representatives Cochran, Cummings, and Stahlnecker of New York all have in their possession bills which they have been petitioned to introduced providing for the suppression of the cigarette manufacture by imposing an internal revenue tax of $10 per 1,000 on all imported or domestic cigarettes sold in this country.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 15.—At 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon a party of men were at work on the island about three miles above here cutting wood. They used an old threshing machine and while at work the boiler exploded, killing a man named Denisen and wounding two others. The shed and machinery was completely wrecked. So great was the force of the explosion that a tree eighteen inches in diameter was cut in two and shattered.

The Pinkerton Investigation.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The president and secretary of the National Miners association have telegraphed Ralph Beaumont, of Knights of Labor fame, that the national miners' convention, representing 300,000 miners, has passed a resolution favoring the passage of Representative Watson's bill to investigate the Pinkerton Detective agency and asking that their request be laid before the proper authorities in congress.

McKenna's Appointment.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—A misunderstanding has been caused by the appointment of Congressman McKenna to be judge of the Ninth judicial circuit. He does not fill the place made by the law providing for nine additional circuit judges, but the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Sawyer. The additional judge is yet to be appointed, and it is understood he will be from Oregon.

Meanest Kind of Revenge.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Feb. 12.—A discharged hired hand named John Hemele set fire to the dairy barn of William Rudke, and it was burned to the ground, with sixty head of cows, twenty-five head of horses and hay and grain. Hemele escaped. Rudke's loss will reach $10,000, uninsured.

The Blaine Divorce Case.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Feb. 12.—Judge Thomas has ordered J. G. Blaine, Jr., to show cause Feb. 16 why his answer to Mrs. Blaine's application for divorce should not be stricken from the record as for contempt of court and, and why the case should not be set for immediate trial.

Released from Prison.

DUBLIN, Feb. 15.—The Land League leader, Macauly, who was convicted in 1884 of complicity in the Cross Mollina murder conspiracy, was released Monday. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with Thomas Daly and four others.

EDUCATORS IN COUNCIL.

An Interesting Meeting Being Held in Brooklyn.

HOW TO IMPROVE COUNTRY SCHOOLS

Paper Read by Professor Henry Raab, State Superintendent of Education, of Illinois—Programme of the National Editorial Association's Trip to San Francisco and Return — Butter and Cheese Makers in Convention.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 16.—The department of superintendence of the National Educational association began its annual meeting at the rooms of the Brooklyn Art association in this city Tuesday morning. The department was called to order by the president, Professor Henry Sabin of Des Moines, Ia., who introduced Rev. S. R. Storrs of Brooklyn to deliver the invocation. Mayor Boody then made a brief address, followed by President Hendricks of the board of education of Brooklyn, who also made a welcoming address. President Sabin responded. The regular proceedings of the meeting were opened by Professor Henry Raab, state superintendent of education, Springfield, Ills., who read a paper on "The Rural School Problem."

The Drift of Population.

The speaker quoted statistices, mainly from his state, showing that the drift of population is from the country into the large cities. In 1880 38 per cent. of the children were taught in the graded schools by 22 per cent. of the teachers; in 1890 51 per cent. of the children were taught in graded schools by 26 per cent. of the teachers. The cost of tuition per month in graded schools was $1.80 per month, in ungraded, $1.84. The average number of children taught by teacher in ungraded schools is 26, while in graded it is 47; in not a few districts the number of children enrolled is below 10. The cause for the inferiority of the instruction and authority in rural schools are to be found in the general apathy of the farming population; their want of care in the seltction of competent men for the office of school director; the isolation of the farmer generally; the small size of a great many districts, preventing the employment of good teachers by the payment of adequate salaries; and the lack of training of the teachers themselves.

To Improve Country Schools.

The rural schools lack supervision, which city schools enjoy, and this is another cause of the former's inferiority. The means to improve the country schools, according to the speaker's views are the following: In the first place the farmers themselves have to show a greater interest in their schools by electing the best men in their districts as directors of schools; by uniting in larger or smaller communities for intellectual and social improvement, for establishing libraries, lyceums and other agencies, as well as for providing social entertainments of a sufficient nature to keep the boys and girls from seeking intellectual improvement and social amusements in the cities. Districts should be kept large, so as to enable them to maintain good strong schools. This is what the rural population itself should do. The state should provide for a closer supervision of the schools by superintendents of single townships or several townships, or who might be amenable to the county superintendent, and for better instruction and discipline by the training of teachers in state normal schools.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Programme of the Trip to San Francisco and Return.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—The National Editorial association trip to California and annual meeting at San Francisco, as at present arranged, is for all eastern and southern delegates to leave Chicago and St. Louis by two routes on the evening of May 9, meeting at Colorado Springs on the morning of the 11th, remaining there until the night of the 12th to take part in the dedication of the Childs-Drexel "Home for Printers" which is to occur on the 12th. This home for printers is said to have cost $150,000, and is a monument to the generosity of the donors.

Points of Interest To Be Visited.

The Hon. Amos J. Cummings of New York will deliver the dedication address. Leaving Colorado Springs the delegates go on a special train to Santa Fe, San Diego, Los Angeles and Riverside, remaining a day at each place, also other points of interest, arriving at San Francisco on Saturday, the 21st. After the Sabbath day's rest the annual session of the association will begin on Monday, the 23d. The delegates will come home by the northern route, ending their itinerary at Seattle, in time for Republican editors to attend the Minneapolis convention en route on June 7.

Papers Before the Convention.

Georg W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger and other newspaper publishers of prominence will read papers before the annual convention of editors. A full list of acceptances of papers to be read, with the subjects of each, is in preparation, which, together with a descriptive pamphlet of trip, entertainments and programme of the three days' session, will be sent to all delegates by the secretary, J. M. Page of Jerseyville, Ills., as soon as all details are fully known.

Butter and Cheese Men.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 16.—The first annual convention of the National Butter and Cheese association opened here Tuesday night with speeches by Governor Peck, Mayor Rogers, ex-Governor Hoard, and E. Northrupt, president of the association. About one thousand butter and cheese makers from all parts of the country are in attendance. Twelve hundred dollars in premiums will be given on machinery and samples of butter and cheese exhibited. Many interesting and valuable papers will be read, and it is expected that a lively discussion will take place concerning the re-organization of the association on a larger and more extensive basis.

Cheaper Money Orders Proposed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16—Senator Casey has introduced a bill to reduce the fees on domestic money orders as follows: Not exceeding $5, 3 cents; from $5 to $10, 8 cents; from $10 to $25, 10 cents; from $25 to $40, 15 cents; from $40 to $60, 20 cents; from $60 to $75, 25 cents; from $75 to $100, 30 cents

Twenty-two claims, aggregating $1,135,000, have been sworn out by sailors of the Baltimore for injuries suffered at the hands of the Valparaiso mob.

WORLD'S FAIR MATTERS.

The Controversy Over the Transportation of Exhibits Practically Settled.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—The conflict between the local and national World's fair officials over the transportation of exhibits has been practically settled by a compromise. The joint committee to which the matter was referred has agreed upon a policy that will doubtless be ratified. The committee decided that the transportation of exhibits should be left to agents selected by the directors of the exposition. These agents will perform their work under the supervision of Director General Davis and the committee on tariffs and transportation of the national board.

A Berlin dispatch states that Emperor William is greatly interested in Germany making a fine exhibit at the exposition, and that he has personally urged Krupp, the noted gunmaker, and Schlutow, manager of the shipbuilding works at Stettin, to exhibit the latest and best products of their vast industries.

Turkish Mosque on the Grounds.

The sultan of Turkey has consented to the erection of a mosque at the exposition grounds for the religious services of Mohammedans who attend the fair. It is reported that $3,000 will be expended in its erection.

The Society for the Promotion of Physical Culture and Correction of Dress has applied for 1,900 square feet of floor space in the Woman's building to make an exhibit. The exhibition by the society will be by means of statuary, photographs, pictures, and cases containing costumes. The application says as the aims of the society are educational it would prefer not being classed with reforms or societies.

STRUGGLE FOR PRECEDENCE.

Contest Between the Tariff Bills and the Bland Free Coinage Bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—It is probable that there will be an interesting struggle between the tariff bills and the Bland free silver coinage bill for precedence in the order of consideration in the house. In fact, the struggle has already begun. The contest is as yet conducted in a very quiet manner and is merely a matter of argument as to whether or not party policy requires the silver bill to precede or to follow one or more of the tariff bills. The silver men have urged through Chairman Bland and others that the way to prevent the silver question from being made unduly prominent is to take it up and pass it promptly.

The Tariff Question Paramount.

With the silver bill out of the way public attention would be concentrated on the tariff bills and by keeping that question before the public steadily its prominence would be much greater than if the silver bill were sandwiched in between them. In this view they are supported by a very considerable number of men who are in favor of making the tariff question paramount to the siver issue, and in this class of members some of them are on the ways and means committee itself.

HE WANTS HIS WIFE.

The Troubles of a Newly-Married Young Man at Detroit.

DETROIT, Feb. 16.—Meyer Gordon, a young metal worker, applied for a writ of habeas corpus Monday for the purpose of securing his bride. The young man courted the girl in the honest fashion, he says, with no remonstrance from Mr. and Mrs. William Levy, his wife's parents. The old man Levy seemed to be anxious to hasten the marriage, and when Gordon said that he was not rich enough to pay for a Hebrew ceremony the father suggested a civil marriage, to be followed a few weeks later by a ceremony according to the practice of their race.

Invaded the Bridal Chamber.

Gordon therefore took the girl one evening last week and went to the house of a justice of the peace, where they were married. A supper at a restaurant and a blissful walk ended their wedding trip. They returned home and repaired to the bridal chamber before the mother-in-law, who had spent the evening out, had got home and learned the news. The old lady is an orthodox Jewess, and she considered that her daughter was not lawfully married. She invaded the room and ejected the bridegroom from the house.

Harrison and Tracy.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—A special to The Recorder says: When Vice President Morton called upon President Harrison a day or two ago to express his thanks for the appointment of his nephew, Mr. Grinnell, as third assistant secretary of state, he assured the president he was heartily in favor of his renomination. It is also stated on authority close to the vice president that he has informed the president of his intention to withdraw from office at the close of his present term. Mr. Morton has said to friends within a short time and has intimated to the president that, in his opinion, Mr. Tracy would make an admirable candidate for the vice presidency. A strong and influential movement for a ticket reading "Harrison and Tracy" is on the cards.

Four Men Badly Burned.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—Gross carelessness on the part of an engineer caused an explosion of crude petroleum gas at the Fish Artificial Ice company's factory, in the rear of 458 West Jackson street, Monday evening which shook the surrounding buildings and injured four of the company's employes. Peter Clark, the engineer, lies at the county hospital dangerously burned, while Foreman Harry Smith of 53 Halsted street, Manager Henry Heideman of 471 West Jackson street, and another employe named Patrick Dalton were conveyed to their homes suffering from a variety of cuts and burns.

Disguised and Visited Saloons.

ADRIAN, Mich., Feb. 16.—A sensation was created at the opera house union service when Rev. Dr. W. K. Spencer, Presbyterian pastor, announced that on the previous evening he had made the rounds of the principal saloons and gambling places of the city, disguised, and at each had found members of his congregation. These the clergyman proceeded to score right and left. Many transgressors caught their breath expecting to be named and blessed their stars when they escaped. The contribution after the services was remarkably large.

Popular Election of Senators.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The house committee on the election of president, vice president and representatives in congress have practically decided to report the amendment proposed by Chipman, chairman of the committee to elect senators by popular vote and to empower the legislature of each state to prescribe the time, place and manner of election.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Items of Interest Gathered from Various Sources.

Joseph Chamberlain, member of parliament for Birmingham, has been formally elected leader of the Liberal Union party in the house of commons.

At Bloomington, Ills., a jury awarded Leonard Matthews $4,000 from the Chicago and Alton railway. Matthews claims to have had his neck broken while on duty.

Chicago board of trade men resolved to take action to prevent the anti-option bill becoming a law.

An injunction has been granted at Pittsburg restraining the strikers at the Continental Tube works from interfering with the operation of the plant. A full force of new men have been secured.

The school reports show that the grip is abating in Illinois.

John McLaughlin's team ran away at Galena, Ills. He was thrown against a telephone pole and killed.

It is reported that the American Live Stock association, which has an organization in all the principal markets of the country, is about to be dissolved in order that it may be reorganized on on a new basis.

President William H. Beers, of the New York Life Insurance company, has resigned and been voted an annual salary of $37,500 a year to act in an advisory capacity for the remainder of his life.

L. F. Thrusher of Golden, Adams county, Ills., was fined $100 and costs by the United States court at Springfield for selling liquors in violation of the internal revenue law. Thrusher is president of the board of trustees of his town.

The South Bend (Ind.) Morning Post has been sold to J. W. Obannon and G. C. Tuffts. The paper will be Republican hereafter.

While in the delirium of typhoid fever Joseph Pulacek leaped from a second-story window at Chicago and was killed by being impaled on an iron fence post.

Gross earnings of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway system for the month of January were $3,096,808, an increase of $166,149.

Saturday the visible supply of grain was: Wheat, 43,160,682 bushels; increase, 88,328. Corn, 8,533,837 bushels; increase, 1,147,291.

Cedarcroft, Bayard Taylor's former home at Philadelphia, is for sale. It is owned by the Lewis estate.

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London papers say the statement of the United States emigration commissioners that convicts are systematically shipped from Great Britain to this country is untrue.

At Lexington, Ky., A. H. Moore of Philadelphia bought Position, by Acolyte, for $10,000.

During the month of January 961,048 bushels of wheat were marketed in Michigan.

Forty persons were poisoned by drinking coffee at a banquet in El Dorado, Kan. All will recover. What the poison was or how it got into the coffee is not known.

Joseph Pulitzer has been in Washington for six week or more the guest of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Davis. His eyesight has improved somewhat, but he is still under medical direction to maintain rest and quiet.

Bench warrants have been issued by Judge Nelson of the United States court at St. Paul for the arrest of all the principals of the Mississippi River Valley Lumbermen's association, the corporation recently indicted for maintaining a lumber trust.

Representatives of the International Artificial Rain company of Kansas have entered into contracts with farmers in the vicinity of Huron, Cal., to furnish rain for the season's crops.

The national convention of United Mine Workers is in session at Columbus, O. Governor McKinley made a short speech.

It is reported that the Greek steamer Embiricos, wrecked recently off the Sicily islands, foundered during a mutiny of the crew and that the English captain and officers were murdered by the Greek sailors, and that others of the crew were left to drown by the Greeks.

J. Cunningham was killed at Cobb, Wis. His team became frightened and dashed in front of a train.

Frank L. Noble of Grand Rapids, Mich., and the gray trotter Alcryon have been expelled from the National Trotting association by the board of review, in session at New York.

Thomas Ellis, 65 years of age, was arrested at Cedar Rapids, Ia., charged with enticing young girls to his room for immoral purposes.

County officials near Guthrie, O. T., are disregarding all law and order, and are jumping the possession of lots all over the vicinity.

Slavin and Mitchell have been signed by the Olympic club of New Orleans for a six-round contest, each with a heavyweight, on the night of March 3.

American millers and the people of Minnesota have contributed 2,000,000 pounds of flour and 1,000,000 pounds of corn to the Russian relief fund.

* * *

An explosion of a keg of powder in a blacksmith shop at Garfield, O., wrecked the shop and probably fatally injured A. P. Mercer, William Good, and James Rice.

The Empress of Germany is suffering from an attack of the influenza.

In a drunken dispute in Preble township, Minnesota, Olias Danielson was killed. His brother George and a man named L. J. Page are involved.

The Rarig Iron works of Buena Vista, Va., made an assignment with liabilities of $80,000.

Dugay Ferguson shot and killed James Goodman, at Leesburg, Miss. Goodman's brother was also wounded.

Ben Bradfoot, a lumberman, was crushed to death under a load of logs at O'Neil's camp, near Ashland, Wis.

Grover Cleveland was indorsed for the presidency at a meeting of the New Jersey Democrats at New York.

In drilling for an artesian well near Menasha, Wis., gas and oil were discovered. Menasha men have leased the land for investigation as to the extent of the supply.

Official estimates of farm animals show an increase of each kind of 3 to 4 per cent. Sheep and swine are more valuable and horses and cows cheaper.

Near New Albany, Ind., at a dance, Peter Cassidy severely cut two men with a knife. He then attacked Edward Guenther, when Guenther shot him, inflicting a fatal wound.

At La Crosse, Wis., the new city hall was dedicated and the fiftieth anniversary of the city's incorporation was celebrated.

John White was found almost frozen to death in a straw stack near Coopton, Minn. Wolves were howling around him when rescued.

Mrs. J. Mason of Leadville, Colo., took a fatal dose of strychnine, after vainly trying to induce her husband to leave a variety theatre, where she found him in company with another woman.

* * *

George W. Killdew, a theological student of Columbia, S. C., became insane over religion and committed suicide.

Weavers in Capp's woolen mills at Jacksonville, Ills., have struck.

Eight liquor sellers of What Cheer, Ia., are on trial at Oskaloosa. Dealers at Janetown have been enjoined to stop selling.

John Abbott, married, was sentenced at Grand Rapids, Mich., to thirty years for criminal assault upon 13-year-old Annie Prendergast.

The Michigan World's fair forestry committee has voted to raise $10,000 for a forestry exhibit at the fair. The state had previously appropriated $3,500.

At Eau Claire, Wis., Daniel O. Gurnee, son of John D. Gurnee, a leading lawyer of Madison, was convicted of outrage. His victim, Hattie Hans, is a stenographer. Arguments for a new trial will be made Feb. 23.

John Montgomery Ward has wagered Talcott $1,000 against $2,000 that the Brooklyn base ball team would finish the first half of the championship series ahead of the Giants.

At Cimmaron, Colo., the Denver and Rio Grande roundhouse was burned together with four locomotives.

Surveys at the Isthmus of Panama demonstrate that the Atlantic ocean is six and a half feet higher than the Pacific. It was formerly thought that the Pacific was 100 feet higher than the Atlantic.

Andrew Carnegie has donated in the state of Pennsylvania $1,000,000 for the Pittsburg library, $1,000,000 for the Pittsburg Art Gallery and Museum, $300,000 for the Allegheny City library, $100,000 for the Carnegie library at Braddock, $40,000 for the Johnstown library.

Threshing is still going on in North Dakota. Governor Burke says there will be work for thousands of farm hands in that state next summer.

Stephen Smith of Tama, Ia., took a mouthful of ammonia from a bottle in the dark, in mistake for cough medicine. His mouth, throat, and nasal organs were painfully injured, but he will recover.

* * *

James Foster, 73 years old and wealthy, was arrested at Illiopolis, Ills., charged with assault on a young married woman of that place. He claims that the arrest is an attempt at blackmail.

Lord Randolph Churchill has consented to stand again for member of parliament for Paddington in the Conservative interest.

Muncie, Ind., is to have a new Episcopal church costing $25,000, the twenty-first in the town, or one for every 800 inhabitants.

J. F. Crowell of New Market, Ia., while charivaring a newly married couple, was killed by the explosion of a gun in his hand.

Charles Reynolds, a private who deserted from Troop K of the First cavalry, at Fort Keogh last November, was arrested at Sioux City. He has been nearly frozen and starved, and decided to take the risk of re-enlistment when he was arrested.

Arrest of anarchists are being made in Berlin almost daily and already a large number of them are waiting trial.

Elijah Todd of Bloomington, Ind., who died has been found short in his accounts as trustee of Polk township some $2,200.

Mrs. Colonel J. C. Wingate of Wingate, Ind., has sued the T., K. C. and St. L. Railway company for $10,000 for injuries inflicted by the premature starting of a train.

Matt Gip, foreman in the Calumet and Hecla rock house at Houghton, Mich, shot Jacob Reuther four times, none of the wounds being fatal. Gip was arrested.

The Alliance, O., Y. M. C. A., cannot be operated upon its income and will probably be permanently closed.

Large numbers of boomers and settlers are going into the Cherokee strip, making preparations to settle at Arkansas City, Caldwell, Hennessy, Kiowa, Orlando and other places. They are organising to move into the strip in a body of 20,000 March 22.

Penaire Sherry, while attempting to raise a fourth-story window of a school house at Kansas City, fell out and was instantly killed.

The Benton (Ills.) Standard announces Judge J. M. Browning of Benton as a candidate for attorney general on the Democratic ticket.

* * *

The Sisters of Charity of St. John's academy at Jamestown, N. D., have purchased a tract of land and will erect an orphan asylum for North Dakota.

Marshal Frank Mayette of Lake Linden, Mich., has been arrested for killing Alex. Perala while resisting arrest Dec. 26 last. Perala's brother caused the arrest.

Buck Wilkerson has been found guilty at Belton, Tex., of the murder of his wife. There is another charge of murder against him, and one for incest.

Jones & Hill will build a chewing-gum factory at Elkhart, Ind.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 20, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Hellen Barry.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Liliputians, "The Papil in Magic."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—The Bostonians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Cora Tanner.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Ensign."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Thatcher's Minstrels.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"After Dark."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

AN ENGLISHMAN DEFENDS EGAN.

It would seem that the course pursued by Minister Egan in Chili has found defenders even among Tory Englishmen, who might be supposed to be universally his foes. Such a champion has appeared, however, in the shape of a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who describes himself as a Conservative and an Englishman. He does not, he says, purpose to praise Mr. Egan, but to tell the naked truth about his course in Chili. When the Minister first arrived in that country he was received coldly, if not insultingly, both at Valparaiso and the capital. Referring to this part of Mr. Egan's experiences, the *Gazette* writer says:

"The principal organs of the Chilian press, notably *La Union*, the brightest Valparaiso paper, characterised this gentleman's appointment as an insult to Chili and a slap in the face to England. Mr. Egan before he was received as Minister was severely overhauled in an interview with a representative of *La Union*, and, among other questions, was asked whether he was in the trap that drove out to the Phœnix Park when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered. This Mr. Egan denied, stating that he was in Paris at the time. On three distinct occasions the same paper called on Mr. Egan to justify himself regarding certain allegations in connection with the Clanna Gael and Dr. Cronin's murder in Chicago, and the same paper finally requested the Chilian government not to receive Mr. Egan as United States Minister.'

"After describing Mr. Egan's quiet endeavors to learn the customs of the country and to make the best of an unpleasant situation the writer says: 'As to Egan's supposed partiality for President Balmaceda it cannot be denied that there was some motive for such assertion. Balmaceda, although a Catholic, held rather advanced views of religious matters, and it must also be borne in mind that Balmaceda's government was at that time the only one recognized by foreign powers all over the world, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that Mr. Egan, acting in accordance with his instructions from the State Department, recognized the constituted if not the constitutional government. The Americans were trying to obtain the promise of certain commercial facilities the granting of which would perhaps have been rather detrimental to British commerce in general and to the great nitrate interest in particular. There is, however, no absolute proof that Egan was in any way connected with such projects beyond what might be relative to his instructions from the Secretary of State. What certainly has caused some comment lately is the supposed connection of Mr. Frank Egan with some American railway claims against the present Chilian government, but young Egan is perfectly able to take care of himself and undoubtedly knows his own business best.

"'Among many instances of Minister Egan's services in protecting prominent Congressionalists perhaps the following deserves the most notice: In April or May of last year Mr. Egan, after repeated efforts, obtained the acceptance of the good offices of his government to meditate between the two contending parties, and with two other foreign Ministers he conducted peace negotiations in a manner which would have honored any diplomat. Throughout all these negotiations the initiative was left to Mr. Egan and the most ardent Congressionalist must confess that the United States Minister acted with the greatest moderation, merited the sincere thanks of all parties, and by his energy and tact prevented certain occurrences which would have been a disgrace to any government. When these negotiations were abruptly broken off through the unsuccessful throwing of dynamite bombs at the Ministers, Senor Godoy, Balmaceda's Foreign Minister, refused the guarantee of safety of the three opposition delegates, Senor Pedro Montt, Eraiojio Altamirano, and Carlos Walker Martinez. Mr. Egan at once went to Balmaceda and insisted on the safe conducts being fully respected, and also obtained the removal of Godoy as Minister. Not satisfied with this Mr. Egan personally accompanied the three opposition delegates to Valparaiso, and thence on the French man-of-war Volta. It seems incredible that Pedro Montt, to-day the Chilian Minister at Washington, should be doing his utmost to blacken the character of the man who saved his life, yet the writer has heard this stated.

"'Another instance is what Mr. Egan did for the prominent Congressionalist, Don Augustin Edwards, the richest man in Chili. He applied to Mr. Egan for protection, which was not only granted, but Senor Edwards obtained guarantees for his large house property and his palace at Valparaiso, one of the finest residences in South America, which, for further security, was personally occupied by the United States Consul, genial Col. W. B. McCreery, an old veteran, and perhaps the most popular consular representative which the United States has ever boasted in Chili. Mr. Egan also personally obtained safe conduct for all the Edwards family and accompanied them on board of foreign steamers. So much for Mr. Egan's supposed sympathy with Balmaceda.'"

It is astonishing, and entirely outside the range of average Latin character, that Senor Don Pedro Montt, whose life Mr. Egan saved, should be among the most bitter of his persecutors. Common decency should have prompted him to respect his benefactor. Notwithstanding Mr. Egan's defense by the chivalrous Saxon in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it will be seen by the text of the Englishman's article, that English influence was the mainspring of Chilian coldness toward Mr. Egan when he first arrived at Valparaiso, as it was the inspiration of the unscrupulous attacks made upon him, until the American government made his cause its own. Many of the Democratic papers in this country, largely supported by Irishmen, joined in the anti Irish cry against Egan, until they were called off by the chiefs of their party, who, remembering '84 and '88, have a wholesome horror of again offending Irish-American public opinion. It is not unlikely that, to smooth things over, some distinguished member of the race will be selected to preside over the Democratic National Convention which will assemble in this city next June. Both the great parties have profound respect for Irish sentiment during presidential year, especially since so many of the race bolted to Blaine, and our people need have no regrets for such a condition of affairs. If they were all on one side, neither party would care a jot about them or their opinions. We live to learn.

THE ANGLO-IRISH SITUATION.

Harold Frederick, a distinguished English writer, says, in a cablegram sent to the American daily press on Sunday, that the agitation for Home Rule has absolutely revolutionized English public opinion, and to an extent which could not have been dreamt of a dozen years ago. The Irish fight for liberty has taught Englishmen that there are grievous wrongs at their own doors which must be righted before they can hope to live in peace at home. The Radical papers and magazines have thrown their columns wide open to the exposure of the great crime against Ireland, and the speeches of leading Irish orators are now listened to in the house of commons with an attention never given except in the palmiest days of Parnell's memorable and far reaching leadership. Mr. Frederick thinks that all this bodes the speedy attainment of Home Rule. Are Trevelyan and Harcourt to be the homeopathic doctors who will present Ireland with a minimized dose of legislative liberty? There can be little doubt of the granting of some measure of self-government to Ireland when the Liberals return to power, but the English people greatly mistake the temper of Ireland if they suppose that any half hearted measure would be acceptable to her people.

Even the Irish Tories, through one of their leading organs, the *Irish Times*, have called attention to the fact that Queenstown, as a landing place for the mails from America, is being daily slighted in the interests of Liverpool. This is a very old, and a very true, story. Liverpool cannot endure a rival at her front door. It was so in King William's time, when Bristol also was in a mood of rapacious jealousy, and it will so continue while the political connection between the two countries lasts. As things are developed, and in view of the light thrown upon the fortunes of Ireland by the publication of the census, and the comments of leading publicists thereon, the Irish Catholics, under present conditions, must soon be exterminated, and the Irish Protestants beggared.

Meanwhile, Sexton, with his glowing periods, and Redmond with his trenchant sentences, keep the English commons in pretty hot water, and, in fact, Sexton, on his motion of amendment to the address to the Queen, came near defeating the government the other night. An early dissolution of parliament is looked for in London, but THE CITIZEN is of opinion that the Tories, feeling defeat in the air, will postpone the struggle to the very last moment of the legal existence of the present parliament.

AN INFERNAL CORPORATION.

While the Chief of Police is issuing stringent orders relative to footpads, house breakers, etcetera, it is rather a pity that his power does not extend to the absolute highway robbery practised on the good people of this city by the Chicago Gas Light and Coke Company. This greedy corporation, not satisfied with legitimate profits, has, of late, raised the price of gas fifty per cent on the average consumer, and, if not checked by the force of public opinion, or, what is better, public action under the law, will ultimately force the poorer classes of citizens to use some method of illumination that will not drain them of their last dollar. The greed of gain in this country, among those who control capital, is the main evil under which the republic labors. Much of it is due to the carelessness, or worse, of legislative bodies. Generosity is the very last virtue to be expected from a rich and unchecked corporation which, according to legal definition, has no soul. THE CITIZEN is glad to observe that many public spirited people of this city are organizing against the grasping, grinding tyranny of the Chicago Gas Light and Coke Company—a corporation whose name will become hateful and infamous if its present highway robber policy is pursued much longer. It is between it and the people a pure case of "stand and deliver." It seems to us that, apart from any volunteer action on the part of indignant citizens, the city government, in all its jurisdictive branches, should call a halt on the licensed felony of the Chicago Gas Light and Coke Co.

A BURNT CORK LIAR.

The Burnt Cork (Ireland) *Herald* of Jan. 23, says: "Mr. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, prints some ribald abuse of Mr. Davitt in the last issue of his organ to hand. Mr. Finerty is a model politician. A few weeks since he was bombarding Mr. Edmond Leamy for issuing 'trashy hifalutin' in the columns of *Grabbed United Ireland*. Now, in order to make matters even, he turns around and denounces Mr. Davitt. Finerty is gracious enough to acknowledge that Mr. Davitt rendered 'some services to the Irish people.' The Chicago fire eater goes so far as to admit that Mr. Davitt 'suffered in prison for them repeatedly.' Mr. Finerty cannot say so much for himself; and a list of those who now support the cause of faction and who 'suffered in prison' at any time for Ireland would be a very unrepresentative compilation indeed."

Mr. Finerty is used to this style of abuse from intellectually diminutive editors. When the editor of the *Burnt Cork Herald* says that Mr. Finerty used ribald abuse against Mr. Davitt, he is, in plain English, a liar. As for his other remarks, they are "old shopkeepers." In any case it is better to be, if we are, a "politician" and "a fire eater" than an Ananias and an ass.

AMERICA'S CATHOLIC POPULATION.

It is evident that the compilers of the United States census were deceived by their enumerators in the matter of making returns for the Catholic population of this country. American Catholics stood aghast, when the census of 1890 credited them with only 6 250 045 souls. Now, however, Hoffman's Catholic Directory, published at Milwaukee, Wis., comes to the rescue with figures that are as nearly correct as it is within human power to make them. The figures are compiled from the returns of the different dioceses for the year 1891, and were obtained by the Directory from the chancellors, who do the statistical work of the prelates.

"The Directory," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "puts the total Catholic population of the United States at 8 647,221. This is 67 255 more than the figures in the Directory for 1891 foot up. According to the recent United States census the Catholic population of the country in 1890 was 6 250,045, which is 2,397 176 less than the Directory's figures. Baptised persons below the age of 9 were not included in the United States census report. The compilers of the Directory estimate that this class constitutes about 15 per cent of the entire population of the Catholic church. The difference between the figures in the Directory for 1891, which gives the returns for 1890, and those given in the United States census, is 2 339 921. Adopting the estimate of the compilers of the Directory, that those excluded from the census report are 15 per cent of the Catholic population, 37,506 ought to be added to the census figures. This would make the Catholic population, according to the late census, 7 187 551, and would decrease the discrepancy between the census aggregate and that of the Directory to 1 392,415. Even after making this correction Catholic authorities maintain that the census, as regards the number of Catholics in the United States, is ridiculously incorrect.

"In a general summary the Directory says that there are 9 063 Catholic priests in the United States, 8,043 churches, 3,553 stations (that is, places where mass is celebrated at intervals, but which have no pastor), 1,663 chapels, 223 orphan asylums, with 25 518 inmates; 54 theological seminaries, with 1,739 students; 183 colleges, 655 academies, and 3 406 parochial schools, which are attended by 700,753 pupils.

"Almost all the figures but those under the head of the Catholic population of each diocese come from actual count. In a great number of cases the population of dioceses are merely estimates. Catholics who have studied the growth of their church in this country maintain that it has between 10 000 000 and 12 000,000 members in the United States.

"The general summary of the Directory for 1892, compared with that of the Directory for 1891, shows an increase all around. There are 284 more priests than a year ago, 411 more churches, 711 more stations, 67 more chapels, 5 more orphan asylums, 15 more theological seminaries, 15 more colleges, 31 more academies and and 129 more parochial schools. The increase in the attendance at the parochial schools is 35,425

"The United States is divided into 13 arch-dioceses, 68 dioceses and 5 vicariates-apostolic. There are 1 cardinal, 12 archbishops and 73 bishops. Some of the dioceses are without bishops, and they are directed by administrators. Each archbishop is the head of an ecclesiastical province, and so there are 13 provinces in the country.

"In the ecclesiastical province of New York are the dioceses of Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Newark, Ogdensburg, Rochester, Syracuse and Trenton. The archdiocese of New York, which comprises the city and county of New York and the counties of Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Ulster, Sullivan, Orange, Rockland and Richmond, and the Bahama Islands, has, according to the Directory, a Catholic population of 800,000. There are in the archdiocese 206 churches, 68 chapels, 48 stations, 504 priests, 405 brothers, including novices and postulants; 2 372 religious women, including novices and postulants; one theological seminary, with 168 students; four colleges, with 1 270 students; 48 academies, with 3 377 students; 170 parochial schools, with 40,631 pupils; 8 orphan asylums, with 2,387 inmates; 17 homes for destitute or wayward children, with 9 795 inmates; 8 hospitals, with 4,677 inmates; 3 homes for the aged, with 816 inmates; 1 insane asylum, with 56 inmates, and 1 foundlings' asylum, with 1 737 inmates.

"The Catholic population of the dioceses in the New York province is as follows: Albany, 130,000; Brooklyn, 280,000; Buffalo, 160,000; Newark, 206,000; Ogdensburg, 64,980; Rochester, 78,000; Syracuse, 70,000, and Trenton, 55,845. In point of population the archdiocese of New York leads. Boston comes next with 550,000, and Chicago follows with 497,000."

This, certainly, is a most gratifying showing, but THE CITIZEN is compelled to remark that it would be much better if myriads of original Catholics did not, every year, fall away from the old faith—sometimes through skepticism or indifferentism, but often from motives equally, if not more, unworthy. If all the men, women and children in the United States who were born Catholics remained so that class of the population would be, at least, double what it is reported to be now. The falling off is not by any means confined to one particular nationality. Germany, France, Italy, Ireland, Belgium, etc., furnish their full proportion of those who no longer worship at the shrines of their fathers, and even the Slavonic race, famed for its Catholic conservatism, is not entirely exempt. What the main causes are, it is not for THE CITIZEN to say. That is a matter for the hierarchy and clergy, although we might respectfully suggest that the pulpit of a great church is hardly the place in which to put a preacher upon whom, undoubtedly, the fire of the Holy Ghost has not conferred eloquence although it has sanctity. In the matter of preaching—that great power to which Christ alluded when he said—"Go and teach all nations"—the Catholic church, at least as revealed in many of our American Catholic pulpits, is not up to the ideal that should ever be its pride. The church of Fenelon and Bossuet, and Mathew, and Dupanloup, and Father Tom Burke, and hundreds of other immortal pulpit orators, can hardly be said to compete in eloquence with the divers churches of the heretical communions. Occasionally the visits of the Jesuits, the Redemptionists, the Passionists, the Franciscans or the Dominicans, on missions to the parishes, recall the memory of the great Catholic masters, but, in a good many cases, the secular clergy are more zealous than gifted, and are much better at their ordinary duties than in the pulpit. When a man cannot preach, he ought not to be asked to preach, especially on occasions of great festival. It is a purgatorial ordeal for the preacher as well as the congregation, and on that ground alone, if a foretaste of purgatory is allowable in this life, can such a visitation on all concerned be justified. Nothing so fills the human mind with lack of faith in supernatural inspiration as an exhibition of poor preaching. We say this with all reverence for the many worthy clergymen whose audiences, as well as themselves, look forward to the Sunday sermon with feelings the reverse of valorous. The pulpit is a great power, even in this day, and our Protestant friends make the best of it. No dull teacher is welcomed into their pulpits. They have three great preachers, where we have one. And still the Roman Catholic church, which boasts a Ryan, a Spalding, an Elliott and many more great pulpit orators, ought to have within it the material to fill every pulpit in the land with the word of the living God clothed in the majesty of His thoughts, and radiant with a divine glory, which, more than the sun or the stars, illuminated with sacred fire the blue waters of the sea of Galilee. The church has a great field of conversion before it in this country, and our greatest preachers and teachers can find a broader field for usefulness among Americans than among heathens.

EMMET'S DAY.

The 114th anniversary of the birth of the illustrious Robert Emmet will be celebrated at Central Music Hall, under the auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago, on Friday evening, March 4. A splendid musical and literary programme has been arranged, as will be seen by reference to the advertising columns. Speeches will be delivered by the Hon. Richard S. Tuthill and the Hon. Francis W. Walker. In fact the entertainment will be a feast of reason and flow of song.

LAST Friday week the Pope gave a special audience to Mr. Thomas B. Bryan and his son, Col. Charles P. Bryan, the Chicago World's Fair Commissioners, who were introduced to his Holiness by Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the American College. His Holiness said he would be delighted to take part in the Exposition, and would contribute as far as possible to the success and eclat of the undertaking. He assured his hearers that he was moved in the matter by a special love and admiration for the American people. Mr. Bryan suggested that his Holiness issue a pontifical letter embodying the sentiments he had expressed, as a powerful aid in enlisting European co-operation in the Fair. The Pope promised to comply with the request. He made many inquiries concerning affairs in the United States, and showed a thorough and appreciative knowledge of the country and its people. Mr. Bryan afterwards had a conference with Cardinal Rampolla, in which arrangements were made in regard to the details of the exhibits which the Holy See will send to Chicago.—*Ex*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"E. NEALE," city.—The last Irish census gave the population of the island at, in round numbers, 4,750,000. It has decreased over 100,000 since then. England believes in bleeding Ireland to death, and the world looks coolly on at the slow and cruel murder.

OBITUARY.

MR. PETER M'KINNEY.

Mr. Peter McKinney, a well known Irish-American of Kansas City, Mo., died at that place recently, after a brief illness. Religious services were held at the cathedral, and the remains were interred in St. Mary's cemetery. The funeral was largely attended. Among the Irish Nationalists present were noticed H. Marmion, John Donoghue, Captain McQueeny, William McColgan, Daniel O'Connor, Michael McGuinness, M. McCormack, Daniel Spellman, Con O'Sullivan, N. Connors, T. McShane, Thomas Lanagan, M. Finnagan, M. Cunningham, W. C. Glass and many others. The funeral occurred from the house of Mr. E. D. McKenny, a personal friend of the deceased, who took charge of the remains and paid all the expenses of the obsequies. Mr. McKinney was only 38 years old at the time of his death. He was much respected by citizens of all creeds and classes, and was especially be loved by his fellow countrymen in Kansas City. *Requiescat in pace.*

MR THOMAS R. MELODY, JR.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Melody, No. 3118 Prairie avenue, will be sorry to learn of the untimely death of their beloved son, Thomas R. Melody, Jr., a fine, promising young man, who died after an illness of eleven weeks at the family residence last Monday. The funeral occurred from the house to St. James' church, Wabash avenue and Twenty ninth street, on Wednesday morning. High mass of requiem was celebrated with great solemnity, the Rev. Father McGuire, pastor of the church, being the celebrant, assisted by other clergymen. The Rev. Father F. S Henneberry pronounced a fitting eulogium. Mr. Melody was a member of the Young Men's sodality and other religious societies of the parish. The large attendance at the obsequies testified to the esteem in which he was held, nearly every family in the parish having been represented either at the house or in the church. The floral tributes were numerous and magnificent. All their friends feel the profoundest sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Melody and their sorrowing children in the great affliction which has befallen them. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

FUNERAL OF MR P F O'STELLO

The funeral of ex-Officer Patrick F. Costello took place Friday of last week. The statement to the effect that he was found dead in bed from heart disease was incorrect. He had been sick for twenty hours, had good medical attendance, and his death resulted from a cold which developed into grip. The services were held from the residence, No. 133 Park avenue, and at St. Jarlath's Catholic church. The cortege was headed by a company of thirty policemen from Desplaines street station under command of Lieut. Hartnett. Five carriages carried the floral tributes. There were 200 members of the Knights of Pythias, the order which had charge of the funeral ceremonies in the procession. Following them marched the full membership of the Arapahoe club. Then followed the Independent Order of Foresters, 300 strong. Maj Nevans' band played dirges. At St. Jarlath's church high mass was celebrated. The great church auditorium was crowded and the aisles filled with those standing. The friends went by train to Calvary cemetery to the burial. Among those who came to pay the last tribute to a friend were Detective McManus, of the Milwaukee police force, ex-United States Marshal William Desmond of Clinton, Iowa, George Dee of Dixon, Ill., Detective Gorman of Toledo, Detective McGarry of St. Louis, Detective Tim O'Connell of Cincinnati, Detective Tom O'Meara of New Orleans, Detective Hennessey of St. Paul, Capt. Tim Finnegan of Boston, and a score of other members of the Police Secret Service of the various large cities of the country.

MR JEREMIAH MURPHY.

Mr. Jeremiah Murphy, well and favorably known in this city as an enterprising business man and an excellent citizen, died at his residence, No. 3632 Wallace street, on Wednesday, in the 55th year of his age. Mr. Murphy was born in New Castle west, county Limerick, Ireland, Nov. 4, 1837, and came to this country with his wife and children in 1860. He settled at once in Chicago, and went into the boot and shoe business, in which he was entirely successful. His wife, together with four sons, M. J., W. H., J. C, and D. P., survives him. All reside in this city, and all, like their lamented father, are held in high esteems by their friends and neighbors. The funeral occurred on Friday morning from the house to the Church of the Nativity, where requiem high mass was celebrated. The Rev. Father J. M. Carlan preached the funeral sermon, and referred in eloquent terms to the many virtues that had distinguished the deceased and rendered him exemplary as a husband, father and citizen. At the conclusion of the religious services, the remains were escorted by an immense cortege to Dearborn station, where the cars were taken to Mount Olivet cemetery. Mr. Murphy was an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist, both at home and abroad.

IRISH CHIEFS.

The title "The," which being still borne by so many Irish gentlemen, puzzles us English so often, says the London *Echo*, is claimed to be the oldest one in Europe, meaning the chief man of the chief family of the name, although only a minority of the present chieftains are rich men. The title does not of necessity go by primogeniture, a younger brother being, on occasions of death in the family, sometimes elected.

The Right Hon. The O'Conor Don (*Dun*, or brown), is a large land owner and Privy Councillor; The O'Donovan is a county Cork landlord, and captain in a cavalry regiment; The O'Donnellan Blake-Foster (who assumed "Blake Foster" on succeeding to property) is one of the gentry of Limerick, like The O'Grady of Kilballyowen (the Church of the Town of Eugene); The O'Donoghue, ex-M. P. for Tralee; The O'Gorman Mahon, M. P., deceased, is succeeded by a grand-nephew; The MacDermott, Q.C., is a bigwig of the Irish bar, and is entitled the Prince of Coolavin; The MacDermott Roe (Red) is a single landlord; and The MacGuillicuddy of the Reeks is a Kerry county gentleman. Besides those, one Ivor MacGuinness, of Points Pass, county Armagh, looks with disdain at Lord Iveagh enjoying (Ivor MacGuinness') title from a Saxon sovereign.

But the Irish chieftains, minus estates, are almost as numerous as the others. The O'Kennedy, The McLaughlin, and The O'Clery, ex-M. P. for Wexford, being journalists. The MacNamara is an artizan in Philadelphia; The MacCarthy Mor (Great) is a hewer in Skibbereen, county Cork; The O'Hea is a solicitor; The O'Dogherty is also a law-giver; and The O'Reilly is a young gentleman who, unconscious of the wrath to come, is deliberately qualifying to be a journalist.

Lord Viscount O'Neill, who inhabits Shane's Castle, county Antrim, the stately keep of Shane O'Neill the proud, who so utterly defeated Queen Elizabeth, claims to be The O'Neill, the proudest of the Irish The's; The O'Connor (Kerry) is a gentleman of private means; Sir Richard O'Donnell, Bart., lays claim to be the O'Donnell; and the late Art (Arthur) MacMurrough Kavanagh, the armless and legless M. P., and Privy Councillor, was The O'Kavanagh. On the other hand, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., who is The O'Sullivan Bere, like many of the chieftains, never assumes the title; and several of the poorer chiefs are so democratic that they sink their titles, save sometimes in private letters.

It is a great discourtesy to address an Irish chief as "Mr.," the mode of address being the seemingly abrupt surname, such as, "Yes, O'Connor," "No, O'Donoghue," and so on. The signature is the same as a peer's, "O'Reilly," "MacDermott," etc. The description in lawyers' deeds is as thus: "Hugh MacDermott, of Fitzwilliam Square, in the county of the city of Dublin, Esq., Q.C., commonly called The MacDermott, Prince of Coolavin. Chief of the Race." Marshal MacMahon is The MacMahon, and very proud of the fact is the old last Marshal of France.

Elected Officers.

The annual election of officers for the Illinois State Council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion resulted as follows: Spiritual adviser, Rev. D. A. Tighe; president, M. J. Keane; vice president, Wm. E. Rogan; secretary, J. J. O'Donnell; treasurer, A. Schneider; chancellor, J. J. Corcoran; orator, E. J. Walsh; marshal, Jas. M. Doyle; guard, Myles O'Kelly; Ald. W. D. Kent was elected to the Supreme Council, which will meet in Brooklyn, N.Y., in March. Mr. Thomas F. Judge was elected alternate. Messrs. T. H. Glasbrook, D. Lynch, C. Brunick, George Schubert and J. Flanagan were elected trustees. Thomas F. Judge was commissioned to act as supreme deputy to install the officers.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

To the question, Which is your favorite poem? there may be a great variety of answers; but when asked, Which is your favorite blood purifier? there can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because it is the purest, safest, and most economical.

LET THEM RIPEN.

Sensible Advice to Proud and Fond Parents From Eleanor Kurk—Don't Force Children to be "Smart."

What Miss Kirk's New Paper, the "Idea," Will Contain—The "Esthetic" vs. the "Stomachic."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 15.—It has been frequently stated that youthful prodigies make the most common-place men and women. Whether the reverse is true, that young dullards are more likely to be intellectually brilliant in adult life than the over bright children, is more than I can say. Many of us who have been astonished by the remarkable precociousness of this and that little one, have been equally surprised when a few years later there was not even a flicker of the bright light that had so excited our admiration.

These remarks are elicited from the letters sent to this office by parents who ask advice and assistance in the management of their prodigies. The last one is from the pen of a mother whose little girl, 6 years old, plays by ear upon the piano everything she hears played, sings the most difficult songs with dramatic effect, and can memorise, comprehend, and repeat whatever is read to her.

"We are advised to star the child," writes our correspondent, "and have received an excellent offer. We are not poor and do not need to do so, and shall save all the money thus earned for her future education. My husband objects to this arrangement, but I do not see why. I shall go with my daughter and she shall be as well cared for as she could possibly be at home. What do you say?"

I say that your husband is right, and more than this that your child should be judiciously repressed. Her little stomach should be kept healthy, her lungs and blood should be well oxygenated, and she should go to bed every night by 7 o'clock. Attention should not be called to her various performances, and her brain and nerves should not be burdened with anything beyond the power of the ordinary child to master. She may seem to do all these remarkable things without effort, but it is only a seeming, and nature will sooner or later take her revenge. If this unusual power can be stored and nursed, and as far as the child is concerned, practically ignored, there will be a chance, and a good chance, for future blossoming. To force the bud open now is to kill it.

"What is the Le Favre Costume?" a lady from Indianapolis inquires. "Is it a conventional suit—tailor made—or something like that? What I want, and what all of my friends wish for, are designs for artistic and esthetic dresses. Mrs. Miller gave us some ideas at one time that were very good, but her patterns are now old, and we need something for today."

I am pleased to say to all of my readers that Mrs. Le Favre has consented to write for my new paper, "Eleanor Kirk's Idea," on this subject of dress, and to show women what materials to buy and how to make them up. Mrs. Le Favre's costumes are very practical and equally poetic. In her designs there is something for everybody, the short and the tall, the fat and the lean. On the most important subject of colors this designer is also a perfect authority. Some women have good ideas about the style and fit of their gowns, but are entirely destitute of taste in the selection of colors for their particular needs. A color attracts them, and they adopt it, and then wonder why the expensive dress or hat is not becoming. All these subjects will be taken up in a way that can be perfectly understood, and the most minute directions given in reference to the harmonious adaptation of clothes.

A prominent member of the Men's Press club asked his wife the other day, why it was that women did not wear "flowing add fluffity gowns." He added that, "if they only knew how much prettier they looked in something that was "sorter Greek and sorter fancy, they would never put on those ugly shoulder blade and stomach jackets again."

This man couldn't have expressed himself more to the point if he had talked a week after studying the subject from an esthetic standpoint. "Stomach Jackets?" Was there ever a finer description of the tight-fitting basques that disclose every wrinkle and curve, and emphasize all the points that true art would conceal?

"We are trying to do away with all this esthetic nonsense," the head of a large domestic costume department informed me the other day.

"But why?" I inquired.

"Oh, because ladies are so much more attractive in conventional costumes," was the ridiculous response. "The idea," he added, "of all this talk and fuss about corsets. A small waist, large bust and large hips are marks of beauty, and if women are not blessed by nature with such things, art must come to the rescue."

We will just see about this. Art will come to the rescue by designing, selecting, and making lovely garments, so that the beauty of a beautiful woman will be greatly enhanced, and the defects of a plain woman concealed. These costumes shall help women intellectually also, because the clever woman who can take a long breath is always a hundred times more brilliant than the woman whose internal organs are cramped, and whose respiration is confined to the region of the collar bones. This is one of the reforms that "Eleanor Kirk's Idea" is pledged to help bring about, and we shall see what we shall see. Let us have beautiful women if possible, and let us have health.

ELEANOR KIRK.

THE March number of *Donahoe's Monthly Magazine* is full of articles on almost every subject. Among the articles are "The Great Anti-Popery Scare"; "Points About the Irish Crisis," by an Irish priest; "Cardinal Manning's Career"; "Irish Literary Men of New York"; "If the Knownothings Keep On"; "Behring Sea Dispute"; "Thomas Davis: A Sketch"; "Irishmen in Chili"; "George Washington and the Catholics"; portrait of Cardinal Manning, with account of his death and burial. These are but a few of the numerous articles in the present issue. Buy the magazine and see for yourself. $2 a year; $1 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

THE SEXTON PARLIAMENT.

Brilliant Speeches of Thomas Sexton and John E. Redmond.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—In the house of commons today Thomas Sexton (McCarthyite), member for West Belfast, and the best parliamentary speaker among the Home Rulers, moved the amendment he gave notice of on Feb. 10, declaring that the imperial parliament had shown its inability to legislate for the special interests of Ireland, by the failure of the Land Purchase act of 1891.

Mr. Sexton, in the course of his remarks on the subject, referred to Joseph Chamberlain in terms which must have disturbed even the extreme placidity of that gentleman's nature. Mr. Sexton said, for instance, that Mr. Chamberlain, having mutinied, was now the commander of a gang of political wreckers, who were seeking, by means of a false light, to lure to destruction the vessel which was freighted with Ireland's hopes and desires.

Mr. Sexton also turned his guns upon Lord Salisbury, the premier, classing him as an erratic and unruly statesman, a scoffer by nature and a bigot by calculation. This allusion was to Lord Salisbury's recent speech at Exeter, in which he attacked the Catholics of Ireland with great virulence. Mr. Sexton said that the government had arranged upon a conspiracy of silence in order to hide as far as possible the failure of the Land act of 1891. Out of 9,000 Irish landlords, according to Mr. Sexton, only forty-three had taken advantage of the act in any shape or form, and out of 1,000,000 tenants, he claimed, only 145 had taken advantage of the measure referred to.

William L. Jackson, chief secretary for Ireland, replying to Mr. Sexton, said that it was yet too early to judge of the success or the failure of the land act referred to.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, who is a Liberal ex chief secretary for Ireland, said that it could not be denied that the Irish Land Purchase act of 1891 was a failure.

John E. Redmond (Parnellite), member for Waterford, made a remarkable and most brilliant speech. It was a complete surprise, both to his friends and to his foes, and was looked upon as indicating that he was possessed of a degree of ability which he had not been credited with up to the present. He had the pleasure of addressing the fullest house this session, all parties being represented, although the speech extended far into the dinner hour.

Mr. Redmond's speech was evidently designed to embarrass the anti Parnellites and the Liberals, and will, it is thought, probably succeed to some extent and may possibly induce desertions from the anti Parnellite faction. Incidentally, Mr. Redmond covered Sir George Otto Trevelyan with ridicule by analyzing his political record. Sir George opposed the Home Rule bill of 1866, and was defeated at the ensuing general election, but, having become satisfied with Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, he was elected to represent the Bridgeton division of Glasgow in 1887. In the chief points of his speech Mr. Redmond played into the hands of the Tories, who cheered him vociferously.

Mr. Redmond insisted that Mr. Gladstone should publish the main features of his Home Rule measure, and he then formulated the Parnellite idea of Home Rule. He said that the Parnellites did not desire to interfere with the supremacy of the imperial parliament; but, he added, they demanded the power to legislate on all Irish matters, subject only to the constitutional veto of the crown, the Irish executive to have full power over the police and the judiciary.

The general opinion was that Mr. Sexton's speech was a fine one, but that Mr. Redmond's eclipsed it, and it is certain to have a powerful effect in Ireland.

The ground for Mr. Redmond's attack on Sir George Trevelyan has long been a subject of dissatisfaction to Irish Nationalists. After his conversion to the Gladstonian policy at the famous "round table" conference he made a speech at Glasgow in 1887, in which he said that he had been given assurances that the objectionable features in the Home Rule bill of 1886 would be eliminated. He said distinctly that the next bill introduced by Gladstone would retain the Irish members, but in reduced numbers, in Westminster, and that the appointment of the judges and the control of the police would be retained by the imperial executive. A few days later Sir William Harcourt made a speech at Berwick on Tweed, and soon after John Morley made another at Newcastle on Tyne, in both of which there was a tacit admission of the correctness of Sir George Otto Trevelyan's statement. The drift of all recent Liberal utterances, down to Mr. Mac'en's addresses to his constituents in Rosendale, is all in the same direction. This is the real ground of difference between the Parnellites and the McCarthyites.

Mr. Sexton's amendment was rejected by the close vote of 179 to 158. The announcement of the figures was received with prolonged opposition and Irish cheers. The address in reply to the speech from the throne was then formally adopted.

To Mr. Sexton's query whether the local government bill for Ireland would be introduced on Thursday Mr. Balfour nodded in the affirmative.

A LAND LEAGUER RELEASED.

DUBLIN, Feb. 15.—Among the prisoners who were convicted eight years ago at the Cork assizes for complicity in the Crossmolina, county Mayo, murder conspiracy was a prominent member of the Land League named McCauley. He was sentenced to a term of imprisonment that would have expired in 1894, but today, by order of the government, he was released. At the time McCauley was tried five others were convicted of the same offense, and each received a similar sentence. Only one of the five now remains in prison.

The release comes to McCauley in accordance with the prison regulations as defined by act of parliament, not by an act of clemency. A prisoner sentenced to penal servitude is entitled to the remission of one fourth of his sentence, after the first nine months have been deducted from it, if his conduct is good. He earns this remission by having a certain number of "marks" allotted to him each day. Violation of the prison rules, among which one of the most heinous is being found in possession of a scrap of news paper, a bit of pencil or a mite of tobacco, involves, with other punishments, such as deprivation of food and exercise, the forfeiture of a number of "marks." This means deprivation of a portion of the prisoner's remission. With Irish political prisoners these punishments are given or withheld by a hint from the home office, in accordance with the state of the political weather in Ireland.

IRISH PAPERS TO UNITE.

DUBLIN, Feb. 15.—According to a Parnellite report the *Freeman's Journal* and *National Press* are about to be amalgamated. Captain O'Connor, of the *Freeman*, who recently married Mrs. Dwyer Gray, will join the board of directors of the *Freeman*, and be nominated for parliament. Both papers are McCarthyite organs, but there has been a bitter feud between them.

STAMPING OUT.

BY GEN. CHARLES G. HALPINE.

[The London *Times* said, in 1865: "We must stamp out the fires of this Fenian insurrection, and quench its embers in the blood of the wretches who are its promoters."]

Aye, stamp away! can you stamp it out—
This quenchless fire of a nation's freedom?
Your feet are broad and your legs are stout,
But stouter for this you'll need 'em!
You have stamped away for six hundred years,
But again and again the Old Cause rallies,
Pikes gleam in the hands of our mountaineers,
And with scythes come the men from our valleys,
The steel clad Norman, as he roams,
Is faced by our naked gallowglasses;
We lost the plains and our pleasant homes;
But we held the hills and passes!
And still the beltane fires at night,
If not a man were left to feed 'em,
By widows' hand piled high and bright,
Flashed far the flame of freedom!

Aye, stamp away! Can you stamp it out,
Or how have your brutal arts been baffled?
You have wielded the power of rope and knout,
Fire, dungeon, sword and scaffold:
But still, as from each martyr's hand
The Fiery Cross fell down in fighting,
A thousand sprang to seize the brand,
Our beltane fires relighting!
And once again through Irish nights,
O'er every dark hill redly streaming,
And numerous as the heavenly lights,
Our rebel fires were gleaming!
And though again might fall the flame,
Quenched in the blood of its devoted,
Fresh chieftains rose, fresh clans men came,
And again the Old Flag floated!

That fire will burn, that flag will float,
By Virtue nursed, by Valor tended—
Till with one clutch upon your throat
Your Moloch reign is ended!
It may be now, or it may be then,
That the hour will come we have hoped for ages—
But, falling and falling, we try again,
And again the conflict rages.
Our hate, though hot, is a patient hate,
Deadly and patient to catch you tripping—
And your years are many and your crimes are great,
And the scepter is from you slipping.
But, stamp away with your brutal hoof,
While the fires to scorch you are upward cleaving,
For with bloody shuttles, the warp and woof
Of your shroud the Fates are weaving!

W. E. KENT INJURED.

William E. Kent, a well known politician of this city, was severely injured in the face by the discharge of a shotgun in the hands of a saloonkeeper named Shruh last Saturday night. Mr. Kent went into the place with two others. One of his companions quarreled with a man named Snyder, who ran away. Shruh's wife yelled "murder" and her husband, who was asleep in a back room, started up in a panic, seized a shotgun and discharged it. Kent, who had no part in the quarrel, was the only person seriously injured. His lower jaw was partially shattered, and it is feared his eyes are destroyed. He now lies at Mercy Hospital in a precarious condition. Shruh has been arrested.

Effect of the Gulf Stream.

The question is often asked, To what extent does the Gulf Stream modify the climate of the United States? To its supposed erratic movements is laid the blame of every abnormal season. There is every evidence that the Gulf Stream is governed absolutely by law in its changes. The course through the ocean is without doubt fixed. Its fluctuations are by days, by months, by seasons or by years, and they do not vary materially one from the other. Its temperature changes, depending upon the relative heat of the tropical and polar seasons, and upon the strength of the producing trade winds. The warm water may be driven toward the shore by the waves caused by a favorable wind, but the current remains in its proper place. The warm water gives off a certain amount of heat to the air above it, and if this air is moved to the land we feel the heat. The presence of the warm water on the coast of Europe would in no way modify the climate if the prevailing winds were easterly instead of westerly. If the prevailing winds in New England in winter were southeast instead of northwest, the climate would be equal to that of the Azores Islands, mild and balmy. For the cause of abnormal seasons we may look to meteorology. The current is in its place ready to give off the heat and moisture to the air whenever the demand is made upon it, but by the erratic movements of the air this heat and moisture may be delivered at unexpected times and seasons, and thus give rise to the erroneous belief that the Gulf Stream itself has gone astray.—*John Elliott Pillsbury, in the February Century.*

IRISH LITERATURE.

An Eloquent and Pathetic Appeal in Favor of Its Re-creation.

God help the country whose literature is dead or dying; for there cannot be a more pitiable object than a country without a heart, a land whose people are dead to all the beauties of nature and the influence of heavenly light. Such may be said of modern Ireland—the poor, heart-broken Ireland of to-day, whose only claim to worldly attention seems to be the continual eruption of volcanoes of treachery and corruption, the lava of which only destroys the budding hopes of the patriot hearts.

God forbid the day should come that Irish men and women could forget the claims that Ireland has upon them, and yet it would seem that every glory she possessed is allowed to grow dim, aye, fade, by pure indifference. Has the day come when alien influences can banish thoughts of home from the Irish heart? Or what is the terrible disease that is fast cankering the Irish heart? Is it indifference, born of despair? Is there such a thing as despair to day in the heart that has suffered for over seven centuries? Has there been any portion of Ireland washed away by the wild sea that surrounds it, or does not the sun shine upon her emerald slopes as brightly as it did in the days that are gone? Does change of scenery, of atmosphere of circumstance change the Irish heart? The Irish tongue is dying must the Irish heart die with it? Oh! Irishmen and women, let thoughts of home, the sweet memories of childhood's days, awaken you from the apathetic influence or sleep of indifference that is causing you to drift away from poor Erin—to leave her as you have left your homes. Don't let it be said that we desert the ship to day, because there is no one to guide us through the shoals.

It may be said that Ireland's exiles are as patriotic to-day as ever, but it is that class of patriotism that must die with the man—honest, no doubt, but unsubstantial. 'Tis not by crawling on the slimy steps of the English throne, or parading in green in American streets, that Irish independence can be obtained. No, let the tongue rest, but let the heart work!

As bad as the present situation is, there is still hope that a great and glorious "New Ireland" can be built on the ruins of the old, and, though I am not a believer in "the pen is mightier than the sword" style of meeting things, yet I believe that the future of Ireland depends upon her writers; 'tis for them to sow the seed, others to reap the harvest.

Irish literature was never in a more deplorable condition; the cause is known, but what's the cure? Is there an Irish writer to day, be he warped up in webs of French finances, measuring serials for England's organs, or dictating or directing the future of this great country through "leaders" in the great dailies, or jotting down songs by camp fires in distant backwoods, who does not feel the present condition of his country's shame, or who does not at some moment of his life write the name of his country with yearning pride?

It is to the vast army of brilliant Irish writers that this humble letter is directed. Though it is unfortunately necessary to till in foreign fields, even sow seed that can bear us but bitter tears, we should not forget the duty we owe to the old land far away in the sea—'tis the duty the child owes to the parent. What is wanted at the present day to raise our country's drooping head is the concentration of Irish thought into some great channel, where its influence will have effect. How many beautiful stories and poems and brilliant essays are lost to the purpose, that, like sweet flowers in the desert, never go further than the isolated journals they appear in, and Irish type is too rusty to print them. We want an Irish literary union, not a one-horse affair, but a purely literary box into which every Irish writer can drop his or her heart's best thoughts, where they may be preserved and used to Ireland's benefit. We want another "New Ireland," with its great hearts and brilliant heads; some source of exchange other than the present unappreciable one. How brimful of devotion, and what a grand state of affairs it would be, if the poems and essays of all Irish and Irish-Americans scattered over these states were collected and distributed 'mongst our poor people at home, to send as a New Year's greeting—the song of an Irish thrush in a foreign wood. It would bring out the smouldering gems from the heart of genius, it would create a great Irish literature, a grand Irish library that would sow the seeds of a greater race, build up a grander country, and show the world that the Irish heart's fountain pen was not run dry!

EILEEN.

—*New York Daily News*

To Honor St. Patrick.

Division No. 10, Ancient Order of Hibernians, will give an entertainment and ball at the new hall of St. Rose of Lima, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. An excellent programme has been arranged, and a most enjoyable time is anticipated.

U.C.L.A. Entertainment.

The Union Catholic Library Association will celebrate Washington's birthday at Kimball Hall, No. 243 Wabash avenue, on Monday evening, Feb. 22. There will be national music and patriotic speeches. Tickets only 50 cents.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

1778. 1892.

EMMET'S ANNIVERSARY.

The 114th Anniversary of the Birth of the Illustrious Irish Patriot and Martyr

ROBERT EMMET

Will be Celebrated Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at

Central Music Hall,

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1892.

The Following Programme Has Been Arranged by the Committee:

1. Organ Solo, Fantasia of Irish Airs.....Mr. Dingley Brown
2. Remarks by the Chairman.....Hon. R. S. Tuthill
3. Quartette, "Columbia".....Misses McKnight and Cahill, Messrs Wilson and Quinlan
4. Song, "Rising of the Moon".....Mr W. L. O'Connell
5. Soprano Solo, "I'm Thinkining of Erin To Night".....Miss McKnight
6. Recitation.....Miss Burke
7. Solo, "The Dear Little Shamrock".....Mr. John M. Wilson
8. Address.....Hon. Francis W. Walker
9. Song, "Holy Old Ireland".....Mr. Edward J. Quinlan
10. Violin Solo.....Mr. Seth Earl, accompanied by Miss Edith Hayley
11. Contralto Solo, "The Minstrel Boy".....Miss Nellie T. Cahill
12. Organ Solo, "The Lily of Killarney".....
13. Reading of Address.....Mr. James M. Quinlan
14. Quartette, "Star Spangled Banner".....
15. Irish Bag Pipes.....Prof. Delaney
16. Closing Ode, "God Save Ireland".....Hon. Michael McInerney

TICKETS - - - - 50 CENTS.

Sold Only at the Box Office for Five Days Before the Event.

T. F. McCARTHY, Sec. JAMES C. STRAIN, Pres.
WILLIAM GAVAN, Treas.

"A Night of Celtic Song."

The Players' Club will give "A Night of Celtic Song" at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue, near Twelfth street, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 24.

St. Patrick's Day.

There will be a meeting of the Irish-American Council at Fitzgerald's hall, corner Halsted and Adams streets, Sunday Feb. 21, at 2 o'clock p. m., to make arrangements for the 17th of March. Societies are requested to send three delegates.

JOHN FOLEY, President. C. A. REIDEY, Secretary.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

C. H. MITCHELL & E. F. RYAN, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 175 Dearborn-st., Rooms 13-14, Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

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CHICAGO.

A HAUNTED SCHOONER

Her name was the Albicore and she hailed from Gloucester, Mass. She was one of the prettiest and sweetest looking schooners that ever crossed harbor bar bound to the banks for fish or safely weathered a wintry sea. She had lines like a yacht and many a time I have seen her sail past a gaudy pleasure craft and leave her astern as though she were becalmed. She had a sheer that was delightful to look upon and a saucy rake to her masts that gave her a coquettish appearance.

Her history was remarkable. She had been picked up deserted in the Spanish Main by a Gloucester brig engaged in carrying salt fish to the West Indies. She was rolling in the trough of the sea with only the stump of her mainmast standing. The skipper of the brig lowered a boat and went aboard of her. She was as tight as a bottle, and why her crew should have abandoned her was one of those inexplicable mysteries of the ocean upon which not even a faint light is shed.

There was nothing on board to give any clew to her history or nationality. She had been left in a hurry, as was shown by unmistakable signs, but her commander had taken all his documents with him, as well as his nautical instruments and chronometers. She carried two long brass carronades, and there was a stack of fifty muskets and the same number of cutlasses in the between decks—all highly suggestive of piracy. The hammocks of the crew were swinging to the beams, and the bags and chests of the sailors were left behind. In her lower hold was a quantity of pig iron used for ballast, but no trace of treasure or cargo was to be found. Her boats were gone and the davit falls were trailing in the water, while two big tackles with which the long boat had been lowered into the sea hung from the wreckage of the rigging.

Old Billy Cuddington, the skipper of the brig, rubbed his horny hands with glee. It wasn't often that he found himself playing in such luck. He took all his crew but two aboard the schooner and all worked with a will and soon rigged jurymasts. That night he took her in tow and at daybreak next morning all hands got to work again and got her in shipshape order. There was a spare foresail in her sail locker, which was bent as a mainsail, while a storm trysail did duty as a foresail. The bowsprit was uninjured, and after setting up the forestay a small jib was bent to it.

There were casks of salt beef and pork down below, three tanks full of fresh water and any amount of hardtack, flour and rice. The skipper put the mate and four sailors in charge, with orders to keep him in sight and steer for Gloucester, Mass. The brig was in good sailing trim, having a quantity of rum and molasses in her lower hold, while the 'tween decks were full of green cocoanuts.

Captain Cuddington, who was a thrifty New Englander that did not believe in giving anything away, opened his heart on this occasion. He filled a ten gallon keg with rum and broke out 200 or 300 cocoanuts and sent them aboard the schooner, with instructions to the mate to take his nip regularly and always to remember to mix it with cocoanut juice, which had the effect of mellowing it and making it less heady.

There was a lovely whole-sail breeze when the mate and his men made sail on the prize. After they got the foresail, mainsail and jib on her she began to scoot through the water like a steamboat. The mate, seeing what a clipper he had under him, thought he would play a practical joke on old Billy Cuddington. The wind was on the starboard beam and both vessels were heading about N. N. W. The schooner was moving about three feet to the brig's one. Calculating his distance very neatly the mate tacked the schooner and ran down to the brig to leeward of her with lifted sheets and bellying sails. Then luffing sharp under her stern he went on the other tack and blanketed her. Then he hailed the brig.

"Goodby, captain," he yelled. "I'll tell the Gloucester girls you're coming. I guess I'll get there three weeks before you. Your durned old hooker can't get out of her own way."

I tell you old Billy Cuddington was madder than a March hare. He always had thought his brig was a hummer, and to see this schooner, with her jury rig and meager sail spread, walk away like a witch was too much for him. He hailed the schooner and ordered the mate to heave to, but that worthy was as full of mischief as a wagon load of monkeys, so he only laughed at the old man. An hour later he set a sort of apology for a spinnaker. It seemed to have the pulling power of several dray horses, and under its influence the schooner forged ahead and by nightfall was out of sight, much to the surprise and disgust of Captain Cuddington, who put no faith in humanity and was not sure that his mate would not put into some southern port and sell the craft and run away with the money.

That's what Cuddington would have done if he had been in the mate's sea boots, but the mate was constructed on different and fairer lines. The sailors on the brig had a hard time of it the rest of the voyage. It was clew up and hoist up continually. The old man gave the boat no rest, but cracked on canvas in the hope of catching up with the schooner, making sail between the squalls with no regard for his scanty crew. The sailors said he was like a Portuguese devil; when he was good he was too good, but when he was bad he was d—d bad.

One night not so very long after Cape Ann light was sighted, and at dawn the brig sailed into Gloucester harbor. The schooner was there moored to a wharf, looking as pretty as a picture. She had arrived ten days before the brig, having been blessed with fair winds all the way, which made her reel off the knots in regular clipper style.

After the brig had been made fast to her dock aboard came the mate and walked aft to where the skipper stood on the quarter deck. He looked pale as a ghost and sicker than a dog.

"Jack, my hearty, how are you?" exclaimed the captain as he seized hold of the mate's starboard flipper. "Come below and take a nip."

The mate followed the old man into the cabin. He moved in a listless, slipshod sort of way. His former energy and smartness had departed. He looked as limp as a wet swab. Was this the man that had played the skipper the practical joke of sailing around him and making fun of him a few short weeks before?

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked the old man, pouring himself out half a tumbler of rum and passing the demijohn to the mate.

"I'll tell you what's the matter," replied the mate: "that infernal schooner is haunted. My God, what a time I put in aboard of her!"

"Avast there! Johnny, my lad, softly, softly! There are no such things as ghosts. Besides, if there are, it is no use making a song about those on the schooner. I am going to sell her for a fisherman, and I want no ghostly yarns spread abroad about this craft. So just clap a stopper on your jaw tackle until we get a good price for her. And hark ye, my lad, I'm going to do the handsome thing by you. If you keep your tongue between your teeth this schooner will be a matter of $200 in your pocket. Take another nip, and when the vessel is disposed of you can spin me the whole yarn."

About a month afterward the schooner was sold to old Eben Fish, who was the owner of a little fleet of fishing vessels. Some of them used to fish on St. George's bank for the Boston market. Others were engaged in the codfisheries on the Newfoundland Great banks, and it was for this industry that the schooner was fitted out. She seemed well adapted for this work, being an excellent sea boat and very fast, as was proved by her remarkable passage to Gloucester under jury rig. She was hauled up on the ways and the necessary alterations were made in her to fit her for her new business. Her hull was constructed of live oak and teak and she was as sound in all respects as on the day she was launched. Old Fish stuck two beautiful sticks of Oregon pine in her and her new sails had as much trouble taken over them as the canvas of a yacht.

It was a proud day for old Fish when the schooner slid off the ways, and his pretty daughter Polly broke a bottle of wine on her sharp and graceful stem and shouted at the top of her sweet voice, "I christen thee Albicore, and may you be lucky."

An albicore is a fish of the tunny kind and of remarkable swiftness, and a gilded head of one carved quite artistically adorned the bows of the schooner.

A crew was shipped, about half of them being Portuguese, and under the command of Captain Peter Ogden she started out on her first trip to the Great banks. I was aboard, having shipped as ordinary seaman. We piled the canvas on her, and with a splendid quartering breeze away she flew on her course like some strong and beautiful bird of the ocean. All hands were delighted with her.

The skipper went into ecstasies over her behavior, especially as she passed every craft she encountered. She made an excellent passage to the banks and let go anchor in a favorite spot of the skipper's, where the codfish always were hungry. The ten dories were put overboard, and the fishermen were soon hauling up their finny prey. We met with so much success that a few of us determined to fish all night. It was a lovely night. The moon shone on the placid water, which was as smooth as a landlocked pool without a ripple. There was a slight haze on the silvery sea, and the stillness and silence were actually oppressive.

The good luck of the fishermen continued. The codfish were biting well. The phosphorescent gleam of the fish as they were hauled from the dark depths of the sea illuminated the water and they could be seen struggling wildly on the hooks many fathoms beneath the surface. There isn't very much sentimentalism in a fisherman, and the fellows in the dories smoked their pipes and spun their yarns in the intervals between bites.

The striking of eight bells on a French fishing vessel anchored a few hundred yards from the Albicore announced the midnight hour. A dago on one of the schooner's dories began singing in a melodious voice the "Hymn to the Virgin." It was either Spanish or Italian, I don't know which (having been educated in the forecastle, where there was precious little book learning). But this I do know, that the strains were the sweetest and most thrilling I had ever listened to. Of course the somber surroundings made the hymn more impressive.

My dory mate was a Portuguese. Suddenly he clutched my arm. "My God!" he cried. "Look at the schooner!" And I looked. She was about fifty yards off, and in the brilliant moonlight everything was clearly visible. On her quarter deck, which seemed to be enveloped in a luminous mist resembling the halo which encircles the moon and gives warning of the coming tempest, armed men were fighting, clad in picturesque garb, with crimson sashes around their waists and red caps on their heads. We could hear their cutlasses clash and their imprecations ring out on the still air.

"They are Spanish pirates, and they've seized the schooner," said the Portuguese.

Three bodies were thrown overboard from the Albicore. We heard the plash as they struck the water and saw the bubbles rising as they sank. Then suddenly the noise ceased and the midnight assassins vanished into thin air.

Then a cheery voice sang out loud and clear from the Albicore: "Come alongside, boys. I've got a steaming kettle of coffee for you on the galley fire."

It was the voice of the cook, and was the most welcome sound that ever reached my ears. We pulled alongside and climbed aboard. The cook had been in the galley since 10 o'clock making himself a suit of canvas clothes. He had heard and seen nothing of the mysterious conflict on deck and laughed at us as we described it. After drinking our coffee we turned in, having had enough fishing for that night.

At dawn next morning I had occasion to go aft on the quarter deck, which was raised about three feet from the main deck. At Gloucester the decks, which had become covered with slime while the derelict was wallowing dismasted in the trough of the sea, had been planed smooth. The skipper took great pride in his little quarter deck, and it had been holystoned until it shone like a hound's tooth. No fish were allowed in that part of the ship, and the sailors were made to wipe off their sea boots whenever they took their trick at the tiller or went aft to haul in the mainsheet. Imagine my surprise when I saw a deep crimson circular stain just abaft the cabin skylight. It was about three feet in diameter and it seemed to have been made by a pool of blood that had soaked into the snowy deck planks.

At this moment the skipper came up the companion ladder. The first thing that attracted his attention was the stain on the deck.

"So some of those infernal Portuguese sons of guns have been gutting fish on my quarter deck, have they? By the great horn spoon, I'll teach the yellow bellied lubbers a lesson yet!"

Then I up and told the skipper what I had seen the night before, and convinced him it was no blood of a codfish that had dyed his quarter deck. He was a superstitious man, and turned white as a shroud.

That morning all the crew came aft and told the skipper they would fish no more. The schooner was haunted, they declared, and they insisted on heaving up anchor and putting back to Gloucester.

It is my private opinion that he was glad of the chance to go back. He was an excellent seaman and an expert fisherman, but he came of an old seafaring family and of course a belief in the supernatural was hereditary.

Well, we manned the windlass, hove up anchor and made sail on the Albicore and pointed her nose for Gloucester. We made an unusually smart passage and our arrival in the old fishing port created much excitement. (We hadn't been troubled with ghosts during the run back.) Everybody thought we had come back laden with cod. The old owner came aboard as merry and light hearted as a three-year-old. He went ashore in doleful dumps the most disgusted man in Gloucester. We landed what few fish we had and then all hands left her. Mr. Fish tried his hardest to ship another crew, but those dagos had spun such yarns about the schooner that nobody would go to the banks in her. So the sails were unbent and she was laid up.

I kept a logbook in those days. The date of the mysterious apparition was April 13, 1857.

Five years afterward I happened to be in Boston. The sharks and crimps had left me stranded, having got every dollar out of me that I was paid off with from a bark that brought hides and copper ore from Iquique. I was wandering around the docks in search of a chance when I came across the Albicore fitting out for a cruise to the banks. A Boston firm had bought her and had put Captain Bayliss in charge. He was built on different lines from Captain Ogden, caring nothing for man nor devil. I shipped aboard of her, never mentioning anything of my past experience on her. We sailed for the banks, having good luck on our passage. We anchored and began our fishing operations, being fairly successful.

One evening, when putting off in my dory to fish, I happened to remember that the date was April 13, 1863. My dory mate hailed from Canso, Nova Scotia, and had as much intelligence as a clod of clay. We hauled in the codfish hand over flipper. About 11 o'clock a thick fog came up suddenly. I didn't mind this a bit, as I had a pocket compass with me and had the Albicore's bearings carefully noted. She wasn't more than 300 yards off anyhow, so we kept on fishing without the slightest alarm. It was within a few minutes of midnight when we heard the blast of a steamer's whistle, hoarse, yet strident. It seemed to penetrate the fog and was certainly quite close. The next thing we heard was a crash of timbers, and an instant afterward an enormous black hull glided by swiftly. Her propeller churned up the water and we heard the throb of her engines.

The Nova Scotian took the oars and I steered the dory to our schooner. When we got aboard we found all hands on deck in a state of terror. The steamer had run into her aft, cutting off a portion of her long overhanging stern. The well was sounded and no water was found. Her stanch construction had saved her. The steamer went on regardless whether she had sunk the schooner or not. Next morning the captain got aboard my dory and I paddled him round under the stern so that he might see what damage had been done. The steamer's cutwater had shaved a clean slice off the stern. Jammed under the transoms we saw a shriveled corpse dressed in a Spanish costume richly adorned with gold lace. We got a stage out over the stern and hauled the body on deck. Imbedded in his left breast was a dagger bearing the inscription, "Guerra al cuchillo, April 13, 1855." He had been carefully planked up and concealed.

There was the same old blood stain on the quarter deck, but it seemed much fainter than of old. I told the captain the whole story. He determined to take the body ashore and give it Christian burial. We nailed two thicknesses of canvas over the shattered stern, staid long enough on the banks to fill up with fish and then set sail for Boston, where we gave the corpse a splendid 'longshore funeral. This broke the spell. The Albicore ever after was the luckiest craft that sailed to the banks. I think she is running yet. But I never met anybody who could clear up the mystery of the derelict and her ghostly combatants.—A. J. K. in New York Recorder.

IRON AND WOOD SHIPS

MATERIALS USED IN SHIPBUILDING AND THEIR VALUE.

The Points in Which Iron and Steel Are Superior to Wood—Their Lightness and Durability and the Comparative Safety of All Kinds of Vessels.

The three materials used in the construction of ships in general are wood, iron and steel. Wood has been in use from time immemorial. Iron is only about fifty years old, and steel is easily within the memory of every man of moderate years. The importance of the three materials are inversely as stated, steel being the most valuable, then iron and last wood. Noticeably is this so in the construction of swift steamships, for wood is unsuited to the great engine power nowadays put into ships; it cannot properly stand the strain.

Iron ships are superior to wooden ones in the following particulars: Lightness combined with strength, durability when properly treated, ease and cheapness of construction and repair and safety when properly constructed and subdivided. In wooden ships it has been found that about one-half of the total weight of the ship is required for the hull, whereas in iron ships only from 30 to 40 per cent. of the weight is thus taken up. For instance, in a wooden armored warship, the weight of the hull being 50 per cent. of the displacement leaves 50 per cent. for the weights to be carried. In an iron armored warship the weight of the hull is only 40 per cent., leaving 60 per cent. for weights to be carried.

The tensile strength of iron is from 40,000 pounds to 60,000 pounds per square inch, and this strength can be secured throughout all the metal used, so that the material worked into the ship is uniform and homogeneous. These are qualities wanting in wood; the greatest care cannot eliminate such weak spots as are due to the presence of knots, crossgrain, hidden defects, etc. Generally good sound timber may be said to have a strength to resist pulling apart (tensile strength) of about 10,000 pounds.

IRON FAR SUPERIOR TO WOOD.

When in shipbuilding it comes to fastening pieces together, as, for instance, in making a ship's keel or her deck beams, the weakness caused by scarfing the pieces of wood together becomes an element of strength in riveting the iron. No matter how it may be necessary to treat the pieces of metal, whether by riveting or welding or by angle irons, the iron stands far above the wood in resistance to tensile strains. It is only when resisting strains of compression that there is a tendency of iron plates to buckle, and this is guarded against by making the plates thicker than is required for other strains or by re-enforcing them.

Durability is a quality of iron that is not yet thoroughly determined. In general, a wooden ship may be said to last about fifteen years. Some last longer but there will be much patching and renewing to be done. The rules of Lloyds allow about fourteen years as the average durability of the best built timber vessels.

Iron is not subject to the internal sources of decay to which wood is liable. Worms and marine animals cannot injure it, nor will it rot from imperfect ventilation. Neither can the parts work loose from the motion and straining of the ship, allowing water to get in and cause decay. The danger to iron lies in the rusting or corrosion, especially in the under water parts—outside from the sea water and inside from the bilge water. The only prevention is careful watching, cleaning and painting, and even with all this supervision galvanic action is likely to do some damage. Therefore the life of an iron ship is limited, and in the present state of knowledge of the subject may be set down as approximately thirty years, for, though a ship will last longer, extensive repairs will have to be made that will cost considerable money.

STEEL BETTER THAN IRON.

It is also easier to repair an iron ship, since the necessary shape can be turned out at once. The rapidity with which an iron ship can be built counts for much. In the present day the ease with which iron is obtained and worked constitutes another element of cheapness, for the final cost today must amount to nearly 25 per cent. less, especially when the time, preparation, saving of weight and life of the ship are considered.

As to the safety of a ship when properly constructed and subdivided, it is only necessary to say that when the internal space of an iron ship is subdivided into many compartments by longitudinal or transverse partitions rising to a sufficient height, or by horizontal platforms, or inner skin, and all such divisions are made water tight, then that ship is safer than any wooden ship would be against foundering, for the space required for these bulkheads cannot be found in a timber built vessel.

The subject of steel may be briefly discussed by remembering that steel is simply a superior kind of iron, and by virtue of its greater strength is of lighter weight. The strength of steel is from 70,000 to 100,000 pounds per square inch. Steel is as strong lengthwise as it is broadwise; iron is one-fifth stronger lengthwise than it is broadwise. The elastic limit of steel is about 25 per cent. greater than that of iron. So steel may be trusted with working loads nearly 25 per cent. greater than the other material. Lloyds estimate that by building ships of steel there is a saving in weight over iron of about 15 per cent, or, to put the same thing in another way, a steel ship of the same dimensions as an iron ship would have an increased cargo capacity (in weight) of some 15 or 20 per cent.

In the matter of cost, steel is more expensive at first, but the best proof of its ultimate cheapness is found in the indisputable fact that modern merchant ships are being built of steel. In 1890 there were 560 steel ships built, 99 iron and 27 composite and wood. There need be no further argument as to the superiority of steel from every point of view.—New York Times.

How Gordon Settled It.

The artillery evinced in their disgust at their removal to Qunisan by refusing to fall in, and in a proclamation they threatened to blow the Chinese authorities away with the small guns and the Europeans with the big guns. Their noncommissioned officers, as usual, all paraded, and were sent for by Major Gordon, who asked them the reason why the men did not fall in, and who wrote the proclamation. They of course did not know; and on Major Gordon telling them he would be obliged to shoot one in every five, they evinced their objection to this proceeding by a groan. The most prominent in this was a corporal, who was dragged out, and a couple of infantry who were standing by were ordered to load, and directed to shoot the mutineer, which one did without the slightest hesitation.

The remainder were marched back and locked up for an hour, with the threat that if the name of the writer of this proclamation was not given, and if the men did not fall in before an hour had elapsed, the arrangement of shooting one in five would be carried out. At the expiration of an hour the men all fell in, and the name of the culprit, who had run away, was given up.

After that time we had no trouble, the men were thoroughly cowed and the noncommissioned officers—the real offenders—dared no longer foster sedition. It is to be regretted, however, that one life should have been sacrificed, but this saved many others which must have been lost if a stop had not been put to the independent way of the men.—Gordon's "Taeping Rebellion."

The Fabulous Basilisk.

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of medivæval folklore. According to the popular notion it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl! In the ancient picture books it was usually represented as an eight limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basiliscos, meaning a little king, and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown possessed a comb which was an exact counterpart of the cock's.

Pliny assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents." The Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the most formidable creatures. Old writers, Pliny, Bascho and others, say that its bite was mortal in every case; that its breath was suffocating, and that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often used, suspended in belfries, to prevent swallows from building there.—St. Louis Republic.

The Turn of the Sheet.

Two lord chancellors of England have made the turning over of a sheet of note paper a device for executing their neatest joke. Lord Chancellor Eldon, having been asked by a clerical friend to give him a certain living, wrote on one side of a sheet of paper:

DEAR FISHER—I cannot today give you the preferment for which you ask. I remain your sincere friend, ELDON.

Turn over.

(On the other side): I gave it to you yesterday.

Sir John Sinclair, who had done much for the agriculture of England and Scotland, thought the nation should present him with a testimonial, and wrote to Lord Chancellor Erskine, inviting him to subscribe to it. On one side of a sheet of paper Erskine replied:

MY DEAR SIR JOHN—I am certain there are few in this kingdom who set a higher value on your services than myself, and I have the honor to subscribe——

(On the other side the note concluded):

—myself, your obedient, faithful servant, ERSKINE.

—San Francisco Argonaut.

English and American Appetites.

A New York woman who has been passing some months with English relatives, comprising several different families, says that from her observation the English appetite is constructed upon different plans from that of the American. Four meals a day sounds very satisfying, but she admits she often went to bed hungry. Breakfast is bread and jam and butter, with a bit of cold meat or bacon and eggs. Dinner at 2 is a soup, a joint, a sweet and a pastry. At 5 o'clock is tea with biscuits—our crackers. At 8 is supper, which is frugal.

The portions are small, and though the meals occupy considerable time one may rise from any hungry and longing to be filled. "This nibbling seemed quite satisfactory to the others," concluded the speaker, "but I sighed many times for a well stocked American board. We consume considerably more at our three meals than I was offered anywhere at the four."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Odd Club Names.

There are a number of societies in the world that bear strange names, but probably one of the most curious was a club founded in 1735 by an English actor. It was called "The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks," and had among its members the Prince of Wales and other royal personages. They met in the painting room of the Covent Garden theater, and dined upon beefsteaks. The club was in existence for more than a hundred years, and became quite noted because of its odd customs. Another strange name was that of the "Scriblerus club," which Swift founded in 1714, and to which Pope, Gay and other literary men belonged.—Harper's Young People.

Pretty Low.

By the subjection of ordinary air to a pressure of seventy-five atmospheres, or 1,125 pounds, with a condenser kept at minus 130 degs. centrigrade, air has been reduced to a liquid form, and the liquid, when allowed to evaporate, produces, it is said, a temperature of minus 900 degs. centrigrade. This is within 73 degs. of absolute zero.—New York Times.

THE BELLS BENEATH THE SEA.

The sea is calm, the wind is fair,
Nor ever a cloud doth lower—
The good ship speeds with the blessed bells
She bears to Boltreaux tower.
The pilot crossed his breast, and cried:
"Thank God! the harbor's near,
For vesper bells at Tintagel
Ring out their music clear.

"Aye, thank the Lord for our good speed
Across the doubtful seal"
"Fool!" sneered the captain, "thank thyself;
God holds no helm for thee."
The pilot crossed his breast, and cried,
"God pardon thee once more,
And grant that we may safely come
Unto the Cornish shore."

The captain's oath was on his lips,
Or ever the sun went down,
And while the people thronged the cliffs
Above the harbor town,
A mighty wave swept o'er the sea,
With dull and sullen roar;
The good ship trembled all her length
As she sank to rise no more.

Then o'er the whelming waters pealed
(As tolling funeral knells
For those lost souls) the soft, sweet chimes
Of the Forrabury bells.
* * * * * * *
The moss creeps over Boltreaux church,
Where rings no vesper lay;
Still waits the tower its blessed bells,
And silent stands today.
For low beneath the Cornish wave,
Where tangled wrecks lie deep,
The Forrabury bells are hid
And their sweet echoes keep.
But ever 'gainst the billows toss,
And storm winds shriek in glee;
Their muffled chimes the blessed bells
Still ring beneath the sea.

—Lucy R. Fleming in Harper's Bazar.

FOURTEEN MILES OF FEAR.

A Ride Back End Foremost Over a Strange Railroad Track by Night.

"Funny, isn't it, what daredevil acts railroad men will often do?" asked a little traveling man of a few friends as he dropped into one of the Grand Pacific rotunda chairs.

"Yes, something like trying to run two trains on the same track or trying to see whether the rails or a man's leg is the hardest," suggested a fellow drummer.

"No, I mean in the ordinary course of business. The other day I started for Washington and I had a premonition that the trip was not to be of the best, for on the way to the depot I purchased a pocket comb of a street vender, who gave me a quarter too much change. We got as far as Auburn Junction and it was awful dark, when the station agent informed us that there was a wreck between us and Defiance, O. Later he said there were two wrecks and that three men had been killed. The debris was piled so high upon the tracks that it would take the wreckers hours to clear them. I saw our conductor and engineer in close conversation.

"Suddenly the conductor said, 'Bill, there is nothing left us but to run around on the Wabash tracks to Defiance.'

"'But the Wabash has no operator here to give us orders,' answered the engineer.

"'Oh, I'll cut you off and we'll turn the engine around at the roundhouse table and make our way over the fourteen miles of strange track. As long as your headlight shows up you can creep over the road, can't you?'

"The knight of the throttle was a careful man, but he knew that the United States mail was being delayed and a couple of hundred passengers were angrily demanding that the trainmen do something to hurry them on. 'I'll go you,' he said, and the engine went down to the turntable to turn around. Upon coming back it was discovered that it would be impossible to couple her to the hind end of our train, as the sleeper draft irons were of a different pattern and higher than the coupler of the engine. Another pause for deliberation.

"Finally the conductor advised the engineer to go back, turn around and couple on in the original position. 'We'll just cross over on the spur and back up the fourteen miles.' And we did. That stretch of fourteen miles on a night as dark as pitch, over an unknown road, without a headlight and with 200 passengers unaware of the risk the trainmen were running to accommodate them and—well, I tell you it was exciting. No orders, no nothing, as you might say.

"I stood on the hind end, which was then the fore end, with the conductor and four brakemen, as we slowly dragged our way through the darkness. The flagmen carried red lanterns and torpedoes to run ahead and flag should a train be heard approaching, but it was dollars to butternuts that had a headlight appeared around one of those unknown curves no one of our train could have reached the approaching train in time to prevent her from crashing into our train. I've done a little railroading in my time and have taken a train over some risky places, but that fourteen miles of backing up without orders, without a headlight to aid our progress and on a strange track, is about the most squeamish ride I ever traveled. That shows you how many risks a railroad man will take to please the travelers."—Chicago News.

A Charming Little Pet.

A charming little foreign pet for the house is the suricate. This pretty creature, which, if we remember rightly, was among the number of Frank Buckland's animal companions, is an active and vivacious little fellow, some ten inches long, with greenish brown fur, large bright eyes, a short pointed nose and dainty paws, which, like the squirrel's or raccoon's, are used as hands, to hold, to handle and to ask for more. Eloquent in supplication, tenacious in retention, the suricate's paws are expressive, plaintive and wholly irresistible. The creature is made for a pet, and is so affectionate to its master that it can undergo any degree of "spoiling" without injury to its temper.—London Spectator.

Why the Grumbler Is Entertaining.

No one offers the systematic grumbler the tax of sympathy. He does not want it, moreover. His woes and grievances are his stock in trade. It is an understood thing that without them he would be a very dull fellow. As it is they save his reputation, and set the ball of small talk moving—no matter in what direction.—All the Year Round.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

How a Man Who Had It Profited by the Scheme of One Who Hadn't It.

Presence of mind and bravery in the face of peril was being discussed in the office of W. R. Busenbark, general manager of the Maple Leaf route. The capsizing of a yacht off the lake front the day before suggested the theme. After listening to the thrilling experiences which each of the group present related —and somehow on the occasion of an exceptional accident people are prone to talk thrillingly of what they have passed through themselves—Mr. Busenbark told a story.

He did not need to call our fancy to his aid to give interest to his tale. He had been the central figure in the well remembered burning of the Newhall hotel, in Milwaukee, being the only person above the second floor who did not perish in the terrible fire.

Referring to the manner in which he escaped, he said he owed his life to the fact that a man who was burned to ashes in the flames the same night told him how he would try to save his life in case of fire.

"This is how it was, boys," said Mr. Busenbark. "I got orders from my road to meet one of our agents named Ware, who was to be transferred from Detroit to Milwaukee, and introduce him to our patrons in the Cream City. I joined him here in Chicago, and we went to Milwaukee together. It was the day of the Newhall hotel fire. On the trip, by a strange coincidence, we began talking about fires. Ware, I think, brought up the topic. Yes, it was Ware; and what started him on the subject was the fact that he had witnessed a big fire in the Western Union building at Detroit, at which five lives were lost. 'Isn't it curious, Busenbark,' said Ware to me, 'how common sense will desert a man in the hour of danger? I saw the big fire in Detroit.

"'A number of operators could be seen standing helplessly and in wild despair at the windows of the Western Union building. There was a perfect network of telegraph wires within twenty feet of them, by jumping on which they might have saved their lives. But they didn't jump and they perished. What is puzzling is that the telegraph wires as a means of escape for the poor fellows did not occur to me until after all was over.'

"'No accounting for these things, Ware,' said I to the Detroit man, and then we talked about other matters.

"That evening, after arriving at Milwaukee, we went to the theater. I remember it as if it was but yesterday. About 11 o'clock we reached the Newhall and were given a double bedded room. When I was awakened by the heat and stifling smoke I pulled Ware out of bed, and the poor fellow dashed from the room and toward the staircase. I never saw him again, alive or dead, for he was burned to ashes. I rushed to one of the windows of my room and stood for fully half a minute, dazed and bewildered. Right under the window was a network of telegraph wires. Poor Ware's story of the Detroit incident flashed across my mind.

"I jumped toward the wires, and all that I remember is that I grabbed them. They told me afterward that I hung on for about a minute and then fell to the pavement below. I was put among the dead in the old bank across from the hotel, but I revived, and two months later I was able to walk.

"Ware inspired me with the idea that saved my life, and while he had the same opportunity as I had he did not avail himself of it.

"It is idle, boys, to talk of what one would be sure to do under given circumstances. There is no accounting for what a man will do when he is looking into the jaws of death."

All the boys looked thoughtful and agreed that it was so.—Chicago Herald.

Effective Use of English.

No accomplishment excels a thorough mastery of English. Those who have acquired it are the most cultivated and scholarly men and women of our age. This superiority frequently passes unnoticed, for it has a certain subtle quality like the delicate odor of roses. On reading or listening to the best English we never think of the form of expression, and not till afterward, when the clearness of our conception reveals itself, do we notice the beauty and the appropriateness of the language. To use English appropriately, elegantly and forcibly implies not only a thorough knowledge of the language itself, but also a broad culture. It implies both connected, logical thought and the ability to clothe the thought grammatically, rhetorically and connectedly in fit language. A style as massive and majestic as that of Burke or Macaulay renders any man immortal. The grace of Irving and the copious fluency of Scott fascinate the reader; and the power to write with the eloquence of Mr. George William Curtis, President Eliot or Colonel Higginson would reconcile almost anybody to being a Mugwump.—Education.

The Face of a Clock.

An excellent way to test a man's power of observation is to ask him to draw the dial of a clock. Most persons set down IV for four, instead of the four straight lines usual on dials, and few remember that all the letters of the dial stand with their bases toward the center. It has been demonstrated that all persons ordinarily read a clock dial by the position of the figures and disregard the figures themselves.

One of the best known public dials in a provincial town has no mark save a straight line at each of the places usually occupied by the Roman numerals, and the maker of the great clock of the houses of parliament made another great dial, upon which he indicated each hour by a single straight line. It has been found, however, that while most persons have no accurate knowledge of dials, any marked departure from the usual rule in the marking of watch faces or house clocks is easily detected. A dial bearing IV instead of four straight lines at once attracts attention.—London Tit-Bits.

THE BEST

protection against sudden changes in the weather is to purify the blood with

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes and enriches the life-current, and makes the weak strong.

Has Cured Others

will cure you.

Size of the United States Soldier.

Statistics gathered by the United States government show that the enlisted soldiers of the United States army vary in height from a minimum of 4 feet 9 inches to a maximum of 6 feet 4½ inches. The giant of the army is serving in the Department of Arizona and the dwarf in the Department of the Missouri. In weight the range is even greater than it is in height, the minimum being ninety-seven pounds and the maximum 280, the average throughout the army being 153½, and the average height 5 feet 7 inches. The youngest soldier enlisted is sixteen years of age; the oldest sixty-six, the average being about thirty years. —St. Louis Republic.

A Horrid Man.

In a debate on the woman question a horrid man said: "No man in his senses loves a petticoated philosopher or wants to have anything to do with her. I would as soon hug a grizzly bear as to touch such a woman, and I would as soon go on a stroll locking arms with a locomotive as to try to keep company with such a woman." And it never occurred to the old porcupine that all the women just as soon he would too.—New York Sun.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V O R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Langale, S C.; Stephen Conley, J O.; James Kelley, I S.; J V Cook, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Cleary, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G E Bracken, F S; Dr G C Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O Hisg, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daniel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKinley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 3037 State st; Henry S Mewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 237 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 168 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 123 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 65 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 93 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3456 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3323 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George E Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 461 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 253 W Ohio st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Ahlei, Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Ahlei, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Archer hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 B Superior st; M O Cooney, R S, 583 W Erie st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O Hisg, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 62, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill.—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denslauer, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Squaza, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 605 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latza, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1095 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; J M Messinger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohaus, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4438 LaSalle st; C A Reddy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—F H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Bye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; W Smith, F S; S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lamb, C R, 351 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—F C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreaux, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kuoern, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomsen, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Syracs, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 B Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Panel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burgund, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schuitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Booder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 329 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Shanahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] W Washbell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 569 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 941 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Fitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Fusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briehl, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werbstm's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Hetzricha, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; P H Merech, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Summers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McFaulles Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 450 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 3049 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 3017 Emerald av; C Hierabeck, F S; Chas Tranchit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Molmeercy, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesky, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 2013 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Washington Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jennison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; M H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington-st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 2628 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 939 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 2—Patrick Cooney, Pres., Box 63, Hegewisch, Ill.; Louis Bv pby, V. P.; E. F. Brennen, Rec. Sec., A. Harmon, Fin. sec.; Patrick Sullivan, Treas.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Hatigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

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Div. No. 9—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Reilly, Rec. Sec., 225 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Luggan, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in Wentworth Side Turner Hall.

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Div. No. 26—Pres., P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st.; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

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Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 31st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran Treas, Matthew Furley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James H. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. J. Fitzgibbons treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

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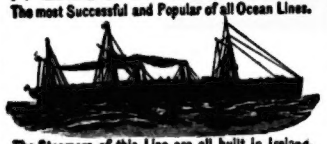

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County, of the January term, A. D 1892. The Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, vs Josie Fitzgerald alias Josie Myron, Frank Myron, her alleged husband, and Mary A. Fitzgerald. In Chancery, No. 100,259

Notice is hereby given to the said Josie Fitzgerald, alias Josie Myron, and Frank Myron, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D., 1892, as it is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ANN SHEEHAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Ann Sheehan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 13, 1891.
MARY A. McCARTY, Administratrix
David Sullivan, Attorney.